

# The Sketch

No. 719.—Vol. LVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



YET ANOTHER "BELLE OF MAYFAIR": MISS BILLIE BURKE,  
WHO IS TO SUCCEED MISS PHYLLIS DARE IN DECEMBER.

A contract makes it necessary for Miss Phyllis Dare to leave the Vaudeville next month in order to play in pantomime. Her place as Julia Chaldicott will be taken by Miss Billie Burke, who is now singing at the Palace.

*Photograph by Bassano.*





By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND"

London.

**Horrors at Holloway.**

A well-known lady novelist has been encouraged by a "sympathetic article on the ladies who are being tortured in Holloway to gratify the weakness of Mr. Asquith's private spite" to state her own case with regard to Women's Suffrage. She pays, it seems, £50,000 a year to the Government in rates, taxes, and duties, yet has no vote. Her window-cleaner, who pays nothing to the Government in rates, taxes, or duties, has a vote. I am not concerned, of course, with the rights and wrongs of Women's Suffrage, but I am really horrified to hear that the poor ladies in Holloway Prison are being tortured. I should be glad to know whether a photograph of Miss Pankhurst in thumb-screws or Miss Billington on the rack has yet appeared in the illustrated Press. If so, I missed the issue. Is it not also shocking to learn that these tortures are going on merely to "gratify the weakness of Mr. Asquith's private spite"? The stress, you understand, is on the "private." His public spite wouldn't matter. Anybody would be racked to gratify the weakness of Mr. Asquith's public spite. But *private* spite? Never! Women of England, will you not rescue Mr. Asquith's victims before worse befall them? I hope nobody will suggest that the statement is exaggerated. They might as well hint that the amount paid to the Government is exaggerated.

**Down with Window-Cleaners.**

Then there is the matter of this wretched window-cleaner. His views on political and international questions appear to the lady novelist (who, by the way, does not make quite all that money out of novels, according to her own showing) most unsound. At election time, she makes a point of eliciting them. This is the invariable reply of the window-cleaner: "It don't matter to me who I votes for, Ma'am. It's six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. So I says to my Missus, 'Fust come, fust served,' and I voted for the fust as arsked me. 'Oo was it? Darned if I remember, saving your presence, but it was one that had a cross against his name.'" That will show you the general character of window-cleaners. They think no more of voting for a torturer, like Mr. Asquith, than they do of tumbling backwards into the street and smashing their skulls before all the windows have been cleaned. You will observe, moreover, that this oaf, this unintelligent rascal, made use of the expression, "saving your presence." The poor fool's brain, obviously, is stuffed with archaisms. When he gets round to his beerhouse at night, exhilarated at the thought of having cleaned two hundred windows at the rate of a farthing a window, one can imagine him addressing the landlord as a "scurvy knave," and calling for a "murrain" on his "pate." NO VOTES FOR WINDOW-CLEANERS!

**The Office that Wells Built.**

A male novelist this time. I have been reading, with great interest and amusement, a new novel by Mr. Wells, called "In the Days of the Comet." The quality of Mr. Wells's that I always admire the most is his humour. There were some delicious things in "Kipps." But there was nothing quite so funny as the parody of Miss Marie Corelli in "In the Days of the Comet." Mr. Wells does not say, in so many words, that he is parodying Miss Corelli. "Let me describe to you, very briefly," he writes, "a newspaper day." I will take the liberty of quoting a short extract from this description, and you shall judge for yourself, friend the reader, whether Mr. Wells means it seriously or as a parody. "A number of shabbily dressed men coming and going in this [the office] with projectile swiftness, and within this factory companies of printers, tensely active, with nimble fingers [a lovely Corellism], ply their type-setting machines, and cast and arrange masses of metal in a sort of kitchen inferno, above which, in a bee-

hive of little brightly lit rooms, dishevelled men sit and scribble [reviewers, of course]. . . . There is a throbbing of telephones [terrors to throb, telephones] and a clicking of telegraph-needles, a rushing of messengers, a running to and fro of heated men, clutching proofs and copy. . . . The proprietor [this is the best bit] you must suppose arriving explosively on a swift motor-car, leaping out before the thing is at a standstill, with letters and documents clutched in his hand, rushing in, resolute to 'hustle,' getting wonderfully in everybody's way. At the sight of him, even the messenger-boys who are waiting get up and scamper to and fro."

**And the Real Thing.**

It is just possible, though, that Mr. Wells meant this to be taken seriously. It is just possible that that is really his idea of a modern newspaper-office. It may be permitted me, then, as one who has probably seen rather more of newspaper-offices, especially of the "live" kind, than Mr. Wells, to redraw the picture. . . . It is very quiet outside the office. A few men in shirt-sleeves are getting an airing, smoking cigarettes, and discussing the chances of to-morrow's favourite. There is a steady, soothing thump of machinery. You push your way through the swing-door, and are met by a grave gentleman in uniform, rather like a butler, who indicates, with a graceful wave of the hand, the lift. You step into the lift, and the attendant lands you at the floor you require. You pass through another swing-door, and find yourself in a labyrinth of empty passages. A bell rings, and a small boy appears. He strolls into one of the rooms, and strolls out again with some proofs in his hand. At the corner of the passage, he executes a little step-dance. Then he disappears. You peep through a glass-door. A number of cool-looking young men are sitting at various desks and tables. Some of them are smoking. One is eating an apple. Some are writing.

**The Editor's Room.**

A door behind you stands ajar. You push it open, expecting to find yourself in a waiting-room or spare apartment. At a desk in the centre, to your surprise, sits the Editor. He is smoking a cigarette and glancing through some proofs. On a lounge in the window lolls a man in evening-dress. He is looking at a review-book. In an easy chair sits another man: he is talking to the Editor about nothing in particular. A reporter, who has been out on some special quest, strolls into the room. He is just back, and has secured a piece of news that will set all the country talking in the morning. In less words than you would take to write a telegram he tells the Editor what he has "got." In half that number of words the Editor tells him the amount of space at his disposal. There is no more excitement than you may notice in the works of your watch. The reporter goes into the room opposite. One man asks if he can play golf on Sunday, and another borrows some tobacco.

**The Proprietor on the 'Phone.**

In the meantime, the telephone on the Editor's table gives a little tinkle. The speaker at the other end is the proprietor. He has done his work during the day, and is now, if Mr. Wells can believe it, going to bed. Mr. Wells would like him to talk in this way: "Hullo! Hullo!! Hullo!!! I've just had a special cable from America! Frightful Railway Smash! Get up a half-column of headlines!! Big, black 'uns! I'll be down at the office in three seconds!!!" But, really, this is the way they talk—

THE PROPRIETOR. Anything doing?

THE EDITOR. No. Pretty quiet.

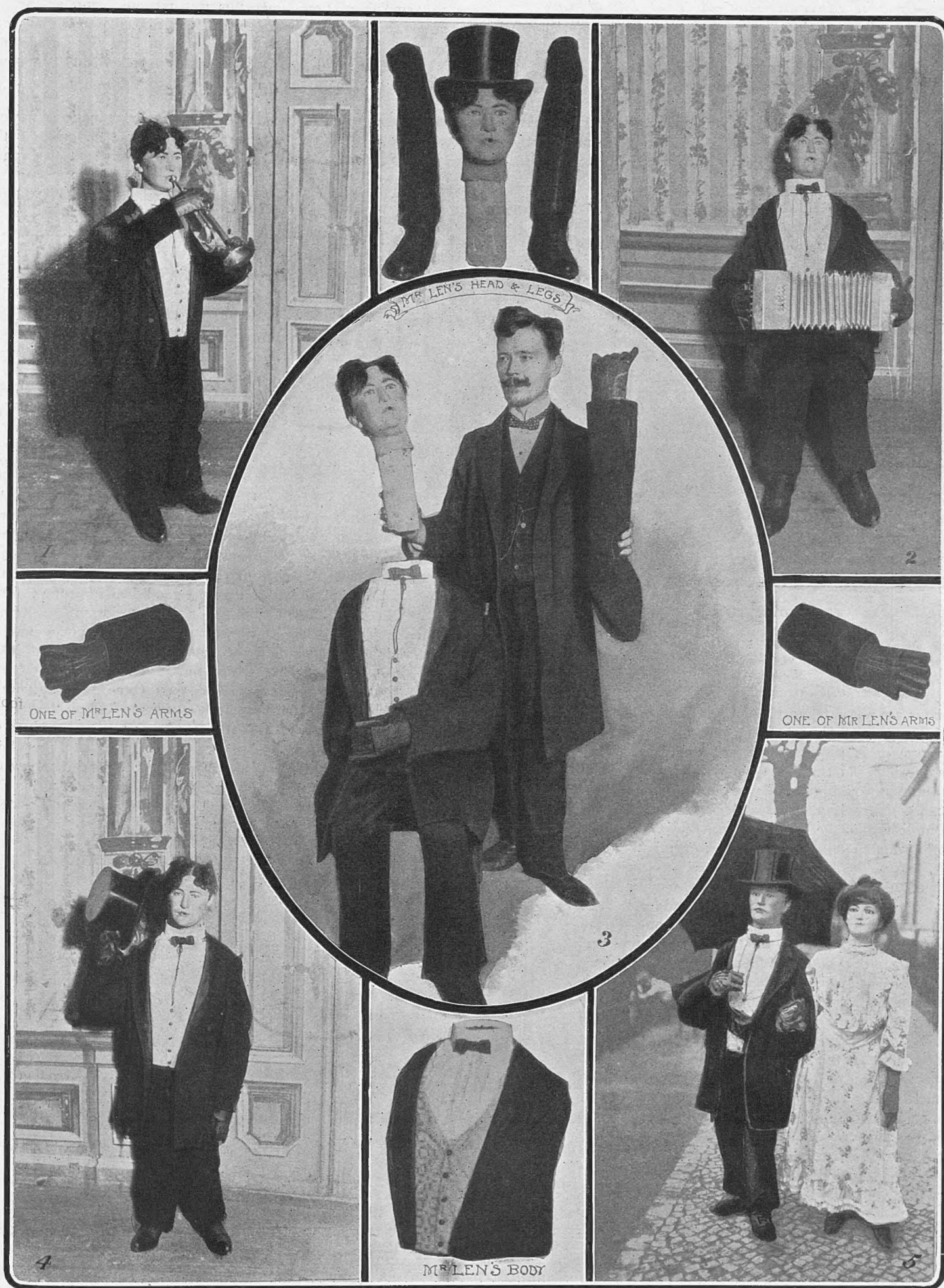
THE PROPRIETOR. How's your cold?

THE EDITOR. Oh, much better, thanks.

THE PROPRIETOR. Good night.



## A CAKE-WALKING MECHANICAL MAN.



1. "MR. LEN," THE NEW MECHANICAL MAN, PLAYS THE CORNET—

2. AND AFTER A SOLO ON THAT INSTRUMENT GIVES ONE ON THE ACCORDION.

3. "MR. LEN" (IN SECTION) WITH HIS MAKER AND MASTER, MR. EDUARD SCHRODER.

4. "MR. LEN" SEES "MISS LAN" AND RAISES HIS HAT.

5. "MR. LEN" AND "MISS LAN" TAKE A WALK.

"Mr. Len" and "Miss Lan" are the newest mechanical figures. They were made by Mr. Eduard Schroder, who devoted twelve years to their construction, and they appear regularly on the music-hall stage. In order that the fact that the figures are merely mechanical may be demonstrated, they are taken to pieces before each performance. "Mr. Len" walks, smokes, plays the cornet and the accordion, and dances the cake-walk. "Miss Lan" also walks and dances. "Mr. Len" is 4 feet 10 inches high; "Miss Lan," 4 feet 8 inches. Both figures are worked by means of a motor-engine.—[Photographs by Dannenberg.]



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Chinese Military Manœuvres—The British Army Compared with the Chinese—How to Modernise Guns—A Field Day at Canton—Attacking a Brown-paper Castle—Entrance Examinations—The Yellow Peril—Foreigners and Pigtailed.*

THE Chinese manœuvres for the year are over, and the Attachés and correspondents who were present at them express a variety of opinions concerning them. The statements that they were carefully arranged beforehand, and that a sensational cavalry charge was ordered to take place as the Minister of War came on to the field



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Photograph by Branger.

of manœuvres are not very grave, for I have known something of the same kind to occur at Aldershot—indeed, our unkind foreign critics constantly compare the British Army with the Chinese as being the two forces in which old traditions die the hardest. I am not at all sure that our men would not still be put through the old elaborate bayonet exercise were it not that a German General made a remark that the English and the Chinese were the two armies in the world which retained the bayonet exercise.

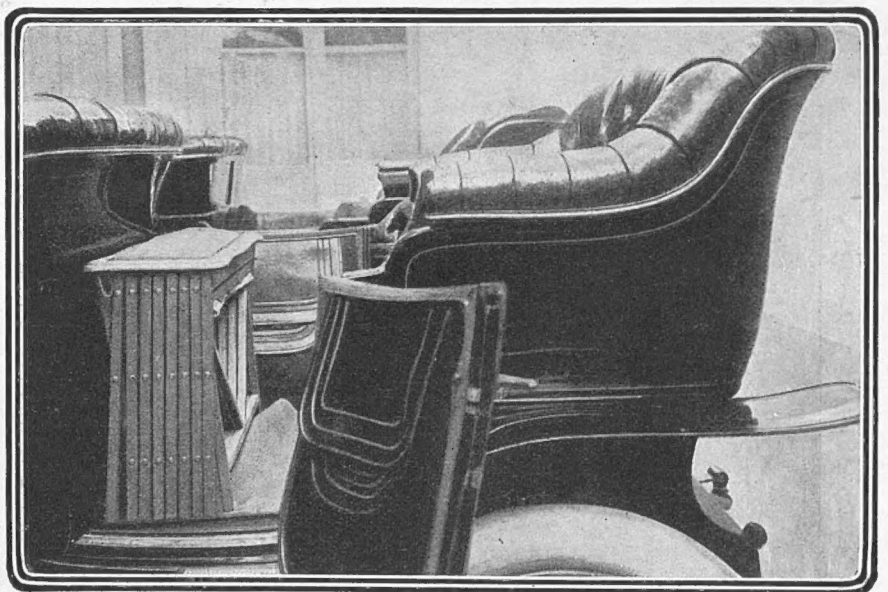
A Chinaman's brain always seems to work a little differently from that of a white man, and there is a touch of the genius of insanity in the proceedings of one of the Chinese Viceroy's who, wishing the army of his province to be up to date, cut all the old dates out of his artillery and had "1906" engraved in their place. This simple action put him in possession of artillery of a later date than that of any of his rivals. I have little doubt that the Chinese troops that have been trained by Japanese officers know how to take care of their firearms, but this used not to be the case. Duty took me up to Canton the last time that the mob burned Shameen, some twenty years ago, and I found that a large Chinese force of the best soldiers the Viceroy of Canton possessed was guarding the bridges over the canal—they had, of course, arrived many hours too late to be of any use. They were armed with breechloading rifles, of which they were very proud, and they were doing their best to clean them. The method they employed was to pour water down the barrel, and then to lay the rifles in the sun to dry.

The army of Canton was at that time the most variously armed of any of the forces I have ever seen, some big matchlocks, which it took three men to fire, being the weapons in which the military mandarin who commanded had particular faith. I think that I must at some time or another have described the field-day I saw outside Canton, the supreme moment of which came when a very elaborate castle made of brown paper was taken by the matchlock-men. The attacking force formed a square three deep just outside the walls, and at the sound of a gong the rearmost man

of the three primed the weapon. When the gong sounded the second time the central man raised the piece and rested it on the shoulder of the man in front of him. On the third beat of the gong all the triggers were pulled, and all four sides of the square belched forth fire and smoke. Three times this was repeated, and at the third discharge the enemy upon the castle walls gave a great cry of despair and fled. Then the victorious army and their commander, in his palanquin, and we the spectators, marched in triumphantly through the open gates.

Those were the days when the entrance-examinations for commissions in the Chinese Army consisted in the shooting of three arrows. Nowadays scores of young Chinamen are sent to Japan to learn the rudiments of the military art from the army which so victoriously encountered Russia. The Chinese would dearly love to regain from Russia their lost provinces, and I have little doubt that when the modern earnest young Chinese military students talk of future campaigns Russia is always the enemy. The Yellow Peril is as yet a very misty bogey, but if ever it takes concrete shape, as the Kaiser prophesies, it will, curiously enough, be the Kaiser's fault that it is able to do so. It was owing to the instruction of German officers that the Japanese Army became such an efficient fighting-machine. The Japanese are now in their turn transmitting their secret of success to the Chinese; and should the day ever come when a pigtailed army thunders at the gates of Berlin, the Germans will have as a consolation the fact that they have indirectly been the tutors of the invaders.

Some of the correspondents with the Chinese Army appear surprised that the Japanese officers who are in command wear pigtailed; but this is quite the usual custom with foreigners who have to live in out-of-the-way parts of the country. A pigtail saves a stranger from much unwelcome curiosity and from a good deal of stone-throwing. Nearly all the missionaries in the interior put on a pigtail and wear Chinese dress, and when they come back into civilisation again for a time they do not discard it. On the island of Hong-Kong there is a sanatorium for Roman Catholic missionaries, and they come there when their health breaks down up-country. It is curious to find on the footpaths of the Peak Chinamen in appearance who, when one gets to close quarters, have the cultured, ascetic faces of priests. The Chinese dress is very comfortable, and is delightful to wear in hot weather. It is not wise, however, to adopt it anywhere except in China. I remember a row royal about a Chinese dress on a P. and O. steamer

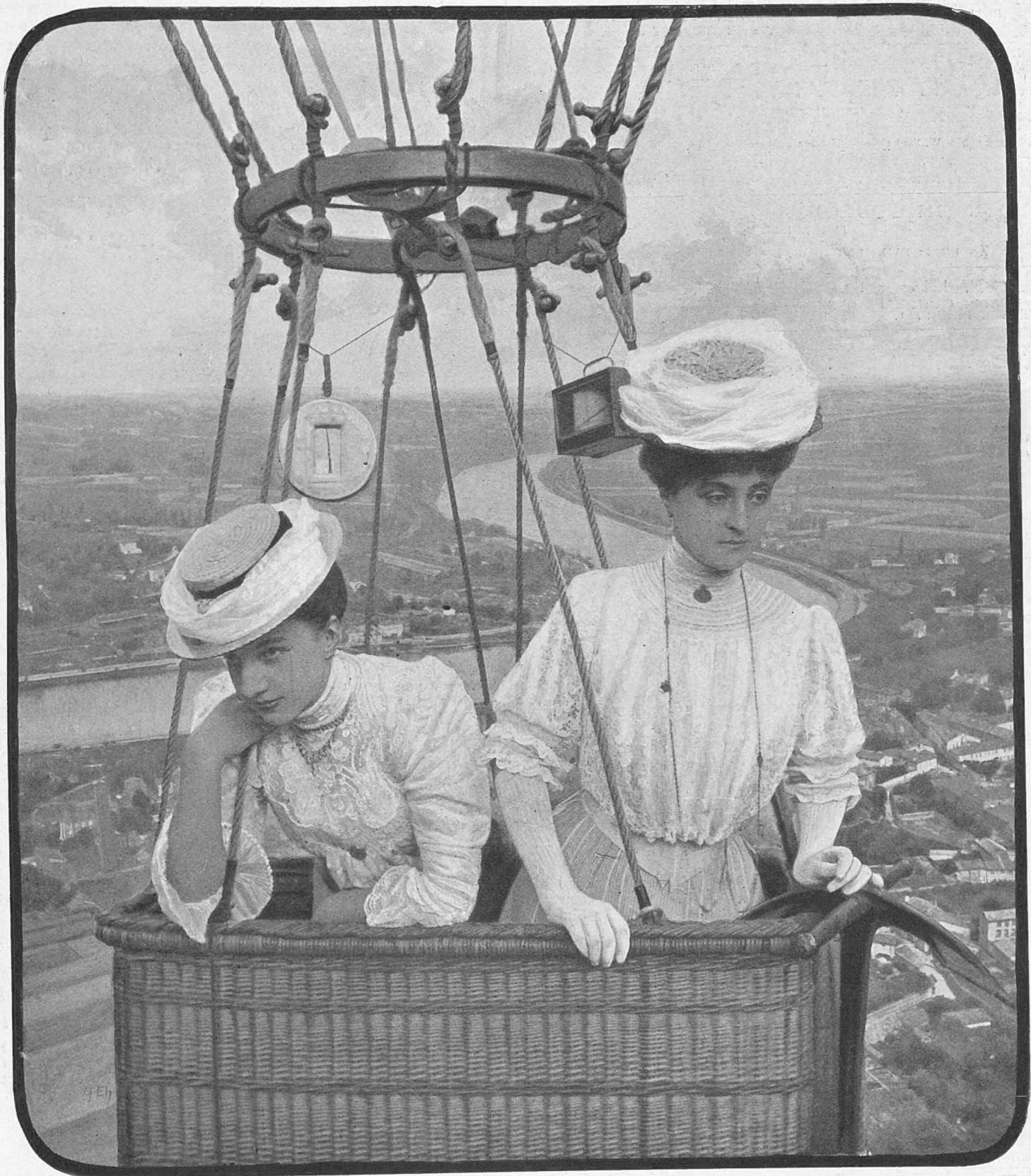


FOR WEARY MOTORISTS: THE "AUTOMOBILE BEDSTEAD" CLOSED AND IN ITS PLACE ON THE CAR.

Photograph by Branger.

in the Red Sea. A distinguished British General thought that the occasion had arisen when he might wear with comfort a white silk costume which a Mandarin had given him. The British matrons on board thought otherwise, and complained to the captain of the ship, objecting strongly to the General eating his lunch in pyjamas at the same table as themselves. A pigtail consists almost entirely of silk, and when coiled round the head is a good protection against the sun.





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Keble Howard's finest work is contained in his new novel, entitled “THE WHIP HAND: A  
COMEDY FOR HUSBANDS.” We published this book just a month ago, and it is  
already in the Fourth Edition. The *Morning Leader* says of it: “No other living writer  
could have endowed the subject with the same liveliness, reality, and grace.” This is high praise  
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Every contribution submitted to “The Sketch” should bear the full name and  
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and  
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

AS all the world knows, our popular Sovereign's official birthday is celebrated in the summer, but Nov. 9, of course, remains the most important of British royal anniversaries, and it is on that day that the whole Empire wishes his Majesty health and happiness, and on that day also that special honours are often bestowed. Their Majesties are spending this week at Sandringham, and they have gathered round them in honour of

next Friday's celebration an interesting group of tried and faithful friends, several of whom have been included in the King's birthday-party for many years past.

*A Home Festival.* Since the day, forty-three years ago, when Edward VII. celebrated his first birthday as a married man at Sandringham Hall, the 9th of November has been regarded by our royal house as essentially a private family festival. During the early years of their Majesties' life as host and hostess at Sandringham, a great ball was generally held in honour of the occasion; now this form of rejoicing gives way to the more staid pleasure of witnessing a special performance of some popular play. But sometimes even this form of amusement is postponed, and the royal birthday is spent quite quietly, the King receiving the informal good wishes of his family and friends.

### *The King's Birthday Guests.*

The King's birthday guests are all old and tried friends and servants of his, and it is a fact well worth noting that they are, with scarce an exception, known as being his Majesty's own favourite hosts in town and country. Thus, no ducal couple entertain their Sovereign more frequently than do the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and on Derby Day the Queen always honours the Duchess with her presence at dinner at Devonshire House. The Duke and Duchess of Portland are famous for their magnificent house-parties at stately Welbeck; and Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester often acts as hostess to the Sovereign in her beautiful London house. Lord de Grey's mother, the venerable Lady Ripon, was a member of the Queen's first Household when her Majesty came as a bride to this country; and both as Gladys, Lady Lonsdale and since her marriage to Lord Ripon's only son, Lady de Grey has been persona grata at Court.



THE WORK OF THE NEW ANGLO-FRENCH C.V.O.: A BUST OF THE QUEEN BY COUNT PROSPER D'EPINAY.

The Count has just been decorated with the C.V.O. He has executed no fewer than eight busts of the Queen, the first in 1864. He belongs to a very old French family; four D'Epinays fought at the Battle of Hastings.

Lord and Lady Farquhar are among their Majesties' most intimate neighbours at Sandringham, and when in residence at Castle Rising they often welcome the King and Queen to their beautiful home. Lord and Lady Colebrooke have just been entertaining the King in Lanarkshire, and Lady Colebrooke is the daughter of one of the Sovereign's oldest friends. Lord Churchill has been known to his Royal host from the day of his birth, for the late Lady Churchill was for fifty years a member of Queen Victoria's Household; and the present Lady Churchill was Lady Verena Lowther, and so was also born and bred in the atmosphere of Courts.

### *The Baby Bearer of a Great Name.*

The little daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester bears a name famed in the annals of English literature and in that of British beauty. All the world has heard of the witty Lady Mary Montagu, and the lovely girl after whom the Duke's little daughter was christened—that is, the Duke's own sister, whose premature death made such a deep impression—was only one of a long series of noted beauties belonging to the House of Montagu. Queen Alexandra takes a deep interest in Lady Mary and her two little brothers, and the two elder children are always asked to the parties given by her Majesty to her little friends each summer. They are, of course, of half-American birth, and the young Duchess delights in surrounding them with the dainty trifles dear to the Transatlantic mother. Lady Mary is a great-granddaughter of the Duchess of Devonshire, and so has German blood in her veins as well as American. Up to the present time a considerable portion of her life—she is five years old—has been spent in Ireland, where the Duke of Manchester owns two splendid seats.



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER: LADY MARY ALVA MONTAGU.

Lady Mary was born in 1901. Her mother, the Duchess, was, before her marriage, Miss Helena Zimmerman, of Cincinnati.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

### *"I Spy Strangers!"*

Permanent officials from the Government departments who attend the House of Commons during the consideration of business in which they are interested now sit in the elevated pew behind the Speaker's chair. Formerly they were placed at the lower end of the House. In their present position they may be more easily consulted by their political chiefs, as their seat is close to the Treasury Bench, but many old-fashioned Parliamentarians dislike their presence in so privileged a place, and accordingly they were espied as strangers until the Government promised to take a discussion on the new arrangement.

### *An Anglo-French C.V.O.*

Count Prosper d'Epinau, who has been decorated in Paris by the British Ambassador with the Victorian Order, is in the odd position of being a British subject and yet a Frenchman at the same time. He was born in the island of Mauritius some sixty-five years ago. The island, of course, is inhabited by a French-speaking population, and once formed part of the territories of France. Both the Count's parents being French, the Count is regarded in France as a Frenchman; but being born under the British flag, he is just as surely a British subject. King Edward VII., who has retained a friendship for M. d'Epinau for many years, reminded him of his British citizenship on the occasion of his Majesty's last visit to Paris. It is from this circumstance, perhaps, that M. d'Epinau, though a distinguished sculptor, has never received any command from the State, such as his talents have undoubtedly entitled him to. He has sculptured no fewer than eight busts of Queen Alexandra.





MR. GEORGE H. DENNEBY, ENGAGED  
TO MISS QUEENIE COPPINGER.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

of promotions in the French Army there occurred the name of Captain Do Hun Chan, promoted Major in the 61st Regiment of the Line, a thing which is absolutely without parallel. The Major was born at Cholon, a suburb of Saigon, in 1872, and so is not yet thirty-five years of age, and the youngest officer of his rank in the French Army. He was taken to France as a child, entered at St. Cyr when he was eighteen, and was made Sub-Lieutenant in 1892. He has seen much service in Algeria, and gained rapid promotion by his his brilliant work. There are several Indo-Chinese officers in the French Colonial Army, but none of them are Majors, and Do Hun Chan is the only one who has ever held rank in the French Home Army.

#### *A Record Marriage and Divorce.*

A young girl of Norristown, Pennsylvania, has just beaten all records in the matter of divorce. Accompanied by her friends and witnesses, she was married to a young man of the town before the Mayor, and as soon as the ceremony was over the whole party adjourned to the neighbouring hotel for the wedding feast. At this the bridegroom was so energetic in drinking to his bride's happiness that in a very short time he was hopelessly intoxicated. This so enraged the bride that she got up, returned to the Mayor's parlour, and at once got a decree of divorce against her husband, to whom she had been married only an hour previously. It is not difficult to believe that hers is the shortest married life on record.

#### *"Witches" at Holyrood.*

Holyrood, where the Peers of Scotland meet to-morrow to elect a representative in the stead of the late Lord Leven, was once the scene of an outrage which the coming to England of the King and Queen of Norway recalls. The "wisest fool in Christendom," our James I., had engaged himself to Princess Anne of Denmark, and sent over the Earl Marischal as his proxy to marry her for him. After the ceremony a great gale blew, and drove the bride and her retinue on to the coast of Norway, where she resolved to stay for the winter. James himself

#### *A November Wedding.*

An interesting November wedding will be that of Miss Queenie Coppinger, the daughter of Mr. T. S. Coppinger, of Midleton Lodge, County Cork, and Mr. George Denneby, of Laurentown, County Waterford. Both bride and bridegroom are well known and popular in Irish Society, and it is probable that the marriage will take place in Ireland.

#### *An Annamite Officer.*

In the recent list



A YOUNG VIOLINIST WHO IS GIVING FOUR SYMPHONY CONCERTS AT QUEEN'S HALL: MR. ALBERT SPALDING.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios. (See "Key-Notes.")*

went over and married the lady in person, and at last got her safely to Scotland. There he made up his great mind that the upset of his plans had been due to witches and their wiles. He had several of them tried at Holyrood. Under the torture they made the most amazing confessions—

talked of the devil and black dogs and supernatural means employed to scuttle the royal ships—a nightmare in words. This answered admirably,

and the amiable monarch had the satisfaction of seeing his supposed enemies burnt to death, for their sins, at Holyrood.



MISS QUEENIE COPPINGER, ENGAGED  
TO MR. GEORGE H. DENNEBY.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

#### *The Other Side of the Canvas.*

What a curious volume it would make could one tell the life-stories of some of the models who sit for the pictures which become world-famous! It would scarcely be possible to tell all, where the artist has one model for face, another for figure, another for hands, and so on. But where one personality transferred to canvas becomes known for all time, that immortal nobody should be too interesting to pass away unnoticed. Mr. Holman Hunt, of whose great painting the world is again talking, had a queer sitter for one of his pictures—a Board School boy whom he has before now cited as the awful example of popular schooling. Mr. Hunt happened to mention that he had returned from a visit to Stratford-on-Avon. "Ah," said the boy at once, "so you've been to Stratford-on-Avon, have you? That's where Shakspeare lived—him that married Anne Hathaway and him as they called the Swan of Avon and the smooth-tongued liar [lyre]. I'm glad I didn't live in them times, or they might ha' bin calling me some such beastly names as that."

#### *Bismarck's Bell.*

A new story about Prince Bismarck, when he first went as the representative of Prussia to the Federal Diet at Frankfort, is being told in Berlin. Prussia was then of very small account compared with Austria, and Bismarck found that he was treated with indifference at his hotel. He was given a room which had not even a bell, and when he complained he was told that what was good enough for other travellers was good enough for the Prussian Delegate. Bismarck said no more, but early the next morning the hotel was startled by a tremendous explosion. The landlord came rushing into Bismarck's room to know what was the matter, and was told that as there was no bell, the Prussian Delegate had arranged with his valet to fire a pistol whenever he required his services. Bismarck got his bell without delay.



THE QUAIN DRESS OF THE PAGES AT THE WEDDING OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR GEORGE WHITE'S DAUGHTER; MASTERS ANTHONY WADHAM AND ERIC CRIGAN IN THE COSTUME OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL VETERANS, AND THE CHILD-BRIDESMAIDS.

The little pages who attended Miss May White on the occasion of her marriage to Captain Ivor Currie, R.A., were dressed in the uniform of the veterans of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, of which Sir George White is Governor.

*Photograph by the Photo. Press.*



### The New Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.

or remain within the City boundaries, he may count upon a baronetcy. The new Old Bailey will bring that, and right worthily will Sir William Treloar carry his new honour. If he had never

done anything more than look after the cripples of our mean streets he would deserve to stand high in the estimation of his fellows. At his back he will have two sturdy associates in Alderman W. H. Dunn and Dr. Crosby. The latter is Senior Sheriff, and extremely well known. He is

not London born; Lincolnshire is his home. But he is London bred. He entered the medical profession by way of St. Thomas's Hospital, where he did splendid work as house surgeon and demonstrator of anatomy in the school. He has a son who is worthily following in his steps, and is his partner in his practice. Alderman Dunn deserves, and has, many friends. Nothing could have been more handsome than the speeches on the occasion of the presentation to him the other day by the Ward of Bishopsgate. London will be in good hands for the next twelve months; indeed, the City is notoriously lucky in such matters. Seldom have its civic heads been anything but worthy of its commercial and social greatness.

### Little Parisiennes' Strange Pets.

Children play a great rôle in French society, as all those who have read Gyp's inimitable "P'tit Bob" will readily admit, and now the small Parisienne insists on receiving on her fête-day and at the New Year a live pet, instead of a costly doll or a mechanical toy. The demand has been creating a supply, and a lively trade is being



SIR WILLIAM P. TRELOAR, THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND THE NEW SHERIFFS.

Photographs by Arthur Weston.



ALDERMAN W. H. DUNN, SHERIFF.



DR. CROSBY, SENIOR SHERIFF.

old-fashioned Jardin des Plantes, which few British tourists take the trouble to go and see, and the more popular Jardin d'Acclimatation. Many wealthy Frenchmen have tiny "Zoos" of their own on their country estates, and the first strange pets seen in Society came from these. The two children whom we show with their pets belong to the great French world, the little girl with the baby leopard being Mademoiselle de Marroi, and her young friend a de Tocqueville.

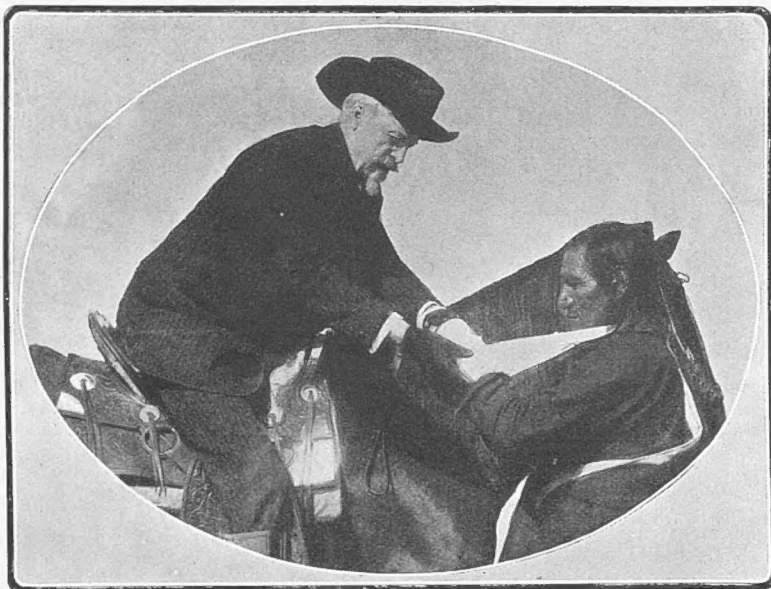
### "Buffalo Bill" in a Blizzard.

Nature can record another triumph — and again in America: she almost conquered the redoubtable Colonel Cody.

the "Buffalo Bill" revered of boydom, and that is indeed a feat of which to boast. Possibly she can claim to have done

much the same thing before — no hero-worshipper will believe it. The Colonel is too old a hand to be caught easily; he has dodged Nature as for many years he dodged the Red Indians, when those feathered examples of Nature's gentlemen were a good deal more than mere ethnological specimens. He was not long among the missing. The Start of the Big Shoot—Caught in a Blizzard—Lost Among the Big Horn Mountains—A Log-Shelter Built—A Safe Return to Codytown. Those are the headings of the latest chapter of the romance of his life. That they should be so written is remarkable; the last "tag" might have been anything less satisfactory than it is, for Colonel Cody is on the verge of the Biblical three score years and ten, and although some of those with him were experienced, others were not, and it must have needed all the power of his personality,

to say nothing of the practised efforts of the picturesquely named Patient Ass, Iron Tail, and Streaky Water, to get the party out of its



ALMOST LOST IN A BLIZZARD WITH HIS HUNTING-PARTY: COLONEL WILLIAM CODY (BUFFALO BILL).

Colonel Cody was hunting in the Big Horn Mountains when he and his party were overtaken by a blizzard. It was feared that they were lost, but they turned up safely at Codytown.—[Photo. Park.]



A BABY PARISIENNE'S STRANGE PET: A FRENCH CHILD WITH A BABY LEOPARD.

Photograph by Otto.

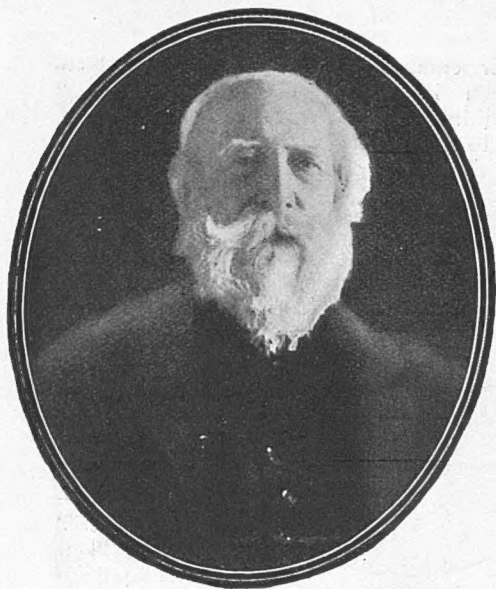
done, not only in puppies and kittens, in tiny monkeys and in lambs, but also in tigers and leopards. Up to a certain age, these small felines are quite harmless, and, of course, as soon as they begin, so to speak, to show their teeth and sharpen their claws, they are sent off to one of the two magnificent "Zoos" with which the Gay City is provided—that is, the



A YOUNG PARISIENNE'S STRANGE PETS: A FRENCH GIRL WITH BABY TIGERS.

Photograph by Otto.





(Photo, Elliott and Fry.)

THE NEW FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS:  
LORD GWYDYR.*The Father of the  
House of Lords.*

By far the oldest member of the Upper House is that wonderful nonagenarian, Lord Gwydyr. He now occupies the proud position of Father of the Upper Chamber. Lord Gwydyr will celebrate his hundredth birthday in a little over three years. He was seven-and-twenty when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and already holding an official position as Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain. Living at Stoke Park, Ipswich, this interesting survival of another

Of a sudden, Madame Bernhardt called her electrician to her and gave him a whispered injunction. Then the lights went out on the stage and suddenly burst forth in the auditorium. Madame Bernhardt and M. Mendès made a careful scrutiny of parterre and galleries. "No, it is all right," whispered the author to his chief interpreter; "there is no reporter in sight." And with a sigh of satisfaction Madame Sarah gave the order to extinguish the top lights and to resume the rehearsal. What would have happened, we wonder, if a journalist had been found listening, with unlicensed ears, to this early audition of the piece? Would he have been slain by "La Divine" with a flaming sword, or forced, like Socrates, to drink the poisoned cup?

*"Rises" in  
Parliament.*

It has been persistently rumoured for some time past, in those Liberal circles where, perhaps, such an idea would be offspring of the hope, that the most important of Friday's Birthday Honours will be the raising of the Prime Minister to an Earldom. Somehow it is difficult to imagine "C.-B." as a belted Earl, and even more difficult to see him acting the part of a Radical Seigneur in the Upper House. In any case, it seems clear that some notable changes will shortly take place in the Cabinet, and that Mr. Winston Churchill will be one of those promoted to take their seat at that august board—for the Ministers, it seems, sit down at a table when they are discussing the affairs of the nation. Still another rumour is that Lord Ripon is to receive a Dukedom. As yet his Majesty has not raised any Peer to the highest rank of all, and the fact that Lord and Lady de Grey are

such intimate friends of both the King and Queen would indicate the suitability of such an honour being bestowed on the aged statesman who has worked so well and so long for the Empire.

*The Hon.  
Mrs. Marconi.*

The marriage of a British Peer's daughter to an Italian is rare, that of a British maiden of high degree to an inventor practically without precedent. Great, therefore, was the interest excited, both at home and abroad, by the news of the engagement of Signor Marconi to the sister of an Irish Peer, Lord Inchiquin. The Hon. Beatrice O'Brien was a typical Irish beauty, and the fact that the bridegroom's own mother was a daughter of Erin made the romance more pleasing. Chevalier Marconi, as he now is, and his wife have received every honour it is in the power of the world to bestow on a young couple who are clever, good-looking, and likely to be wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. The inventor of wireless telegraphy is a brilliant man of business as well as a great inventor, and his wife takes a keen, sympathetic interest in all his experiments. Signor and Mrs. Marconi have a baby daughter, to whom they are devoted.

*The Head of the  
Christian  
Scientists.*

There is something very pitiful, very painful, about the rumour that the founder of Christian Science is dying of cancer, and the almost frenzied attempts to disprove that "mother" of the cult, whose will is law, clinging to the curtains of her room, while she affirms in querulous voice that she is in perfect health, that she has no physician but God, is a picture of an heroic effort to prove the value of an ideal that will not fade. Yet the end must come. Even the followers of the ideal do not claim immortality. Their belief is that they can conquer illness, that their death will be like "the running down of a clock"—that is why they are combating the story of disease. Mrs. Eddy is now eighty-six. In comparatively few years she has built up a cult with many thousands of members all the world over, and with nearly a thousand churches and societies in America alone. She is credited with a fortune of three millions and an income of two hundred thousand pounds; but it is also claimed that all her means are spent in charitable works or on the affairs of her church.

*Sarah Bernhardt  
Reporter-Hunting.*

Sarah the indefatigable has been rehearsing these days her new play of "Sainte Thérèse." There are no limits to the energy of Madame Bernhardt. She lunches and dines at the theatre when a new piece is in preparation, and she would make no bones about breakfasting there either. In order that interest in the play shall not be discounted, "la Grande Sarah" is very anxious that there should be no chronicler in the theatre while rehearsals are going on. The other evening, actress and author, the latter none other than M. Catulle Mendès, the well-known critic and playwright, were sitting together in the stalls directing the movements of the company on the stage.



(Photo, Lallie Charles.)

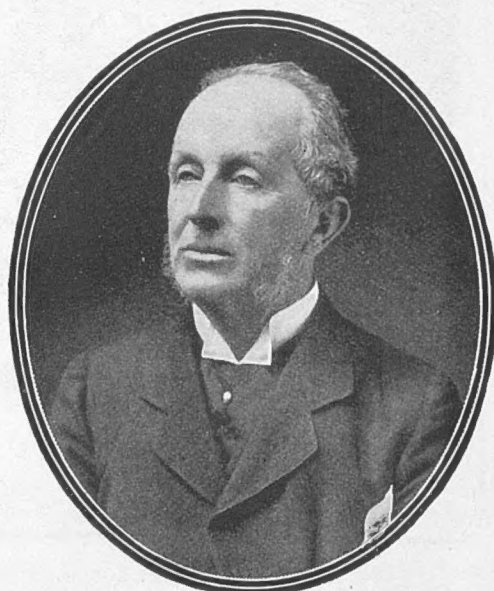
WIFE OF THE GREATEST EXPERT IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY:  
THE HON. MRS. MARCONI.*A Bold  
Parliamentarian.*

Mr. Lulu Harcourt has been one of the most conspicuous figures in the House of Commons during the present sittings. He is the innovator who dares to flout old practices. Encouraged by his success in carrying out a new system of divisions, which saves time and scenes, he changed the seating arrangements affecting Government officials almost on his own initiative, and although the Department of Works, over which he presides, is concerned mainly with palaces and parks, he has been in charge of the Plural Voting Bill, which is so strongly opposed by Unionists. Mr. Harcourt has inherited a fine Parliamentary instinct. He knows the House of Commons better than men who have been in it for twenty years, and his style is as good as that of Sir Edward Grey.

*A New Peer.*

Sons who might have won distinction are often overshadowed by the personality of a famous father. This has rather been the case with the new Lord Cranbrook, who, as heard of by "the man in the

Lord Medway, was seldom street." And yet the new Earl was a useful M.P. in his day, and in the time of the Victorian Parliaments he helped to represent and defend what may be called the rural standpoint, for, as Lord Medway, most of his home interests centred in the country. It is an interesting fact that his eldest son is devoted to politics, and was at one time secretary to Lord Balfour of Burleigh, when the latter held office. The new Peer is the proud father of seven children, and his three younger sons are each serving King and country in the Army and in the Navy.

THE NEW EARL OF CRANBROOK, FORMERLY  
KNOWN AS LORD MEDWAY.

Photo, Kate Pragnell.



## AN ACTRESS TO WED THE HEAD OF THE STEEL TRUST?



MISS MABELLE GILMAN, WHO, IT IS SAID, IS TO MARRY MR. W. E. COREY,  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL TRUST.

It is said that Miss Mabelle Gilman, the young American actress who appeared in this country in "Dolly Varden," "Amorelle," and other plays, is to be married in Paris this month to Mr. W. E. Corey. Mr. Corey, as we have noted, is the President of the United States Steel Trust, and is a nephew, by marriage, of Mr. Carnegie. He was divorced by his wife some while ago; is thirty-three; began his business career as a clerk in the offices of the Carnegie Steel Company; and has had a meteoric rise in fortune. Miss Gilman has been living at St. Cloud for some time.—[Photograph by Ellis and Walery.]





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Philanthropy that Failed.**

The People's Palace, where the Bishops of London and Stepney speak this evening, was born, as all the world knows, of a novel. The idea took shape in the brain and heart of the late Sir Walter Besant, and Jubilee Year saw its translation into durable stone. Before he died, the novelist was disappointed with it. Not a tenth of his hopes and expectations had it realised. He had another disappointment in the same part of the Metropolis—a disappointment which makes poignant reading just now, when so much is heard of combination, political and industrial, for women. He gave us in "Children of Gibeon" a prose "Song of the Shirt." It told of the terrible condition of the sweated women of the East End, and it aroused the sympathy of noble-hearted women. One of these started a little establishment for the employment, under model conditions, of some of the unhappy creatures. For a while all went well; employment was abundant, wages satisfactory. Suddenly the little community was broken up. The forewoman went off with half the hands to start—a sweating-den of her own.

**Sir Bartle Frere as "Cannibal."**

Sir Frederick Treves was quite right when he said the other day that though we may squirm when we hear that we have been eating potted man, we absorb typhoid bacilli and think nothing about the matter. The difficulty is that we cannot be wise before the event. Not the most hardened gourmet would deliberately sauce his dainties with bacilli. The trouble comes when the discovery is made. As every medical man knows, we assimilate frightful animal parasites with our food. Where is the doctor who would not recommend salad in summer? Yet salad is often the sure medium for one of the most appalling horrors in life. We may be wise after the event, but the discovery is almost unendurable. Sir Bartle Frere, when in Zanzibar, turned famishing one day into a native hut. He asked for food, and was told that there was none to be had. In the corner was a vessel containing food, and he ate it. Then he learned that his host had been a great warrior, and had preserved as trophies the ears of his enemies. Sir Bartle had eaten the trophies.

**Nine into Eleven!**

A hunter in the wilds, having seen a snake swallow its young, has been asking if cannibalism is a habit of these creatures. Seeing that snakes, during the last year, have destroyed twenty-two thousand human lives in India, it would be cheering to think that they could be encouraged to eat one another by way of a change. Frequenters of the "Zoo" know that a few years ago two great boa-constrictors did become one boa. One of them was eleven feet long, the other, two feet less. When last seen together they were putting "paid" to the account of a brace of pigeons. Next morning the keepers

found only the larger snake there. The other was missing; but the enormously distended appearance of the survivor told at once where the other had gone. The greater had absorbed his nine-foot companion. Here was a clear case of cannibalism. But the snake had ready apologists. It seems that the problem of nine into eleven had not been carefully worked out by the murderer. The lesser reptile had not made such good progress with his pigeon as the greater, and the latter, snapping at the part of the bird protruding from the mouth of the smaller snake, had caught the head of its comrade. The teeth of snakes curve inward, so that there was no releasing the obstructive head: the whole snake had to be eaten that the captor might live. And that is what happened.

**Nations and Human Storm-Waves.**

Suppose that those who see in the awakening of China the danger of her at last pushing in force beyond their borders—suppose that this came true. What would it mean to the rest of civilisation? Between cause and effect what a vast sea of possibilities! It was, as the historians have not failed to note, the conflicts of nomadic warriors along the Great Wall of China which sent a storm-wave across Europe. Those local struggles, fifteen centuries ago, affected wider areas. The movement ran from tribe to tribe, brought the Goths upon the Mediterranean countries and Alaric to the gates of Rome. In the last century Britain liberated the slaves in South Africa and started the Boers upon their great trek. Umzilikazi, the rebellious Zulu General, fell with his warriors upon the first of the Boer contingents and slew them. The vengeance of the advancing army of Dutch drove the Zulu into the wilderness, where he fell like a whirlwind upon the tribes before him, made slaves of those he did not kill,

made Bulawayo his capital, the surrounding country his kingdom, and his followers a new nation—the Matabele.

**A Paragraph for Lawyers.**

There are twenty thousand barristers on the rolls, so the subject of legal training remains one of importance. The matter is to be considered this evening by Sir Thomas Raleigh in a lecture at King's College, where he will discuss the Legal Studies in the University of London. The Empress-Dowager of China has been thinking about her lawyers, and has come to a singular decision. She is resolved that they shall actually study—law. We all remember the attitude of Peter the Great towards lawyers. Mr. Gladstone had curious views about the profession. To someone he said that to be a great lawyer a man must also be a great theologian. Yet to an intimate friend he declared that he did not want the number of lawyers in the House of Commons to be increased, as they were "too fond of putting their hands into the public purse." The chief exception to this, he said, was Jessel, the Jew.



DYING PEARLS: MME. THIERS' NECKLACE IN THE LOUVRE, WHICH IS SAID TO BE GRADUALLY LOSING VALUE.

The famous "Mme. Thiers' Pearl Necklace," part of the legacy left to the French Republic by President Thiers, is said to be dying, and the directors of the Museum wish to sell it before its value is seriously diminished. This the Thiers family will not permit. It is well known that pearls will turn black and perish if they are not worn next to the skin frequently, and to give someone the privilege of donning the necklace seems to be the only way of saving it. What a chance for the Government to extend its patronage! The necklet consists of 145 pearls and is valued at about £12,000. The three largest pearls weigh respectively, 36, 39, and 51 grammes.



## OUR WONDER-

## FUL WORLD!



THE CLEVEREST ROYAL SCHOOLGIRL IN EUROPE? PRINCESS MARINA OF RUSSIA.

The young Princess, who is the daughter of the Grand Duke Peter Nicolaievitch, was born in 1892. She speaks Servian, Italian, and French, and is studying English and German.



AN EXTRAORDINARY SOMERSAULT BY AN ACROBAT IN "CELLAR-FLAP" BOOTS.



KISSED BY THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL: SEÑORA MARIA VINCENT.

Señora Vincent recently won a beauty competition, in which the Crown Prince of Portugal was the judge. On announcing the winner, the Prince kissed her on the forehead.



A YACHT THAT HAS BEEN ANCHORED WITH STEAM UP FOR TWENTY YEARS:

MR. BROWNE'S VESSEL AT BRIGHTLINGSEA.

Mr. Browne has kept his splendid boat at anchor in the same place at Brightlingsea for a score of years. He is exceedingly wealthy, and the fact that he gives much in charity frequently causes a number of small craft to cluster round his vessel in the hope of gathering some of the golden crumbs from the rich man's table.



A HOSPITAL SUPPORTED CHIEFLY BY PLAYING-CARDS:

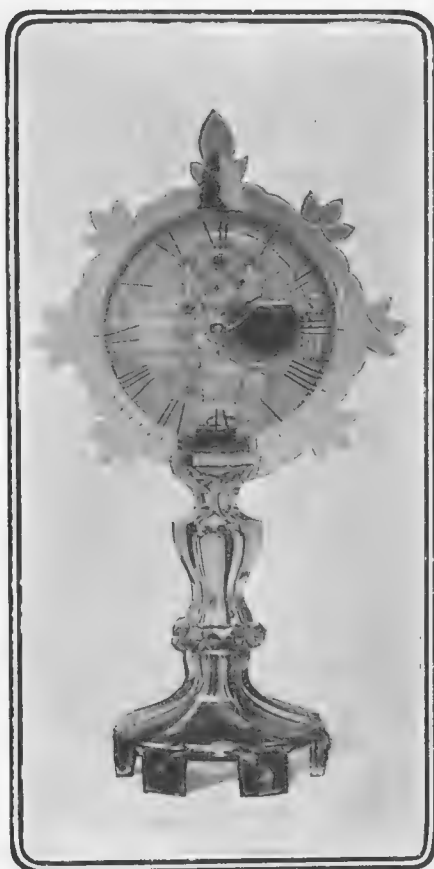
THE MOSCOW HOME FOR FOUNDLINGS.

The Moscow Foundling Hospital, which, on an average, takes care of 30,000 children a year, was founded in 1764 by the Empress Catherine II. Its income is about £100,000 a year, gathered chiefly in the form of a tax on playing-cards, of the sale of which it has the monopoly.



AN ACTRESS WEARING A CROSS THAT BELONGED TO MARIE ANTOINETTE.

The beautiful jewelled cross that now adorns the neck of Mlle. Berané was once the property of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. Mlle. Berané possesses an exceptionally fine collection of jewellery.



A CLOCK MADE OF TRANSPARENT CRYSTAL GLASS.

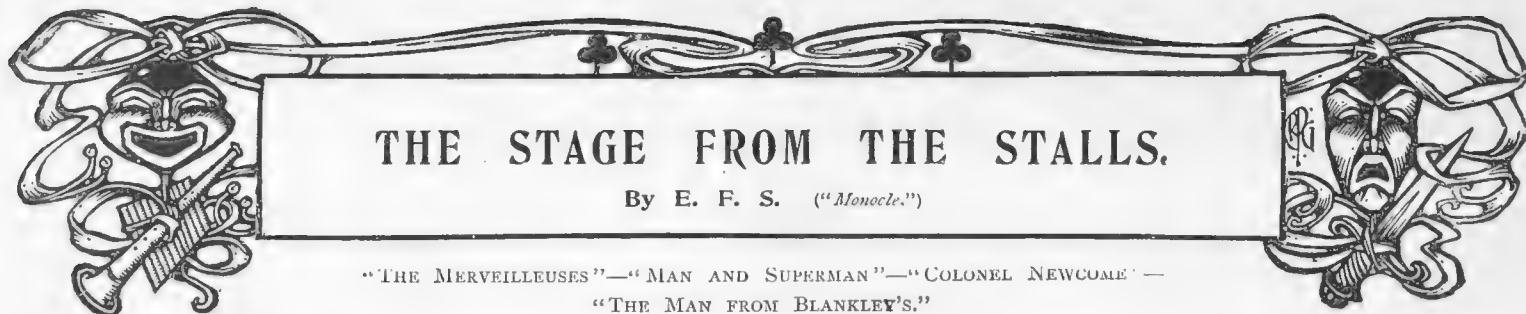
The clock was made by the glass-cutter, Joseph Beyen, of Bohemia. It took six years to construct, and, with the exception of the springs, is of crystal glass. It stands sixteen inches high. It is now exciting much curiosity in Leipsic.



THE INVENTOR OF "FLORAL CLOTHING": Mlle. FLEURON IN ONE OF HER CREATIONS.

Mlle. Lise Fleuron recently invented the dress known as "floral clothing." She especially recommends the costume she is here seen wearing for "supper-in-the-bedroom wear."





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE MERVEILLEUSES"—"MAN AND SUPERMAN"—"COLONEL NEWCOME"—  
"THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S."

IT is to be hoped that the name will have no ill effect upon the fate of "The Merveilleuses," though I have some doubt: untravelled English people are timid about pronouncing foreign words, and the title in question, like that of "L'Amour Mouillé," is quite a shibboleth on account of the "ll." The title "The Merveilleuses" says very little to the ordinary Londoner, who knows nothing of them,

or of the Incroyables, and possibly has never heard of Thérèse Cabarrus, otherwise Madame T'allen, or of the Merveilleuse who, according to Jacob, made a bet with him that the whole of her pseudo-classical clothes weighed less than two pounds, and won with "a good bit in hand." So there seemed no need to retain it. There is a great deal for good or bad in the title of a piece, but the gorgeous costumes, the brilliant music of Hugo Felix, the rich scenery, the strong cast, the lively lyrics and the book ought to overcome such a handicap. Some have complained of the book. What more can Mr. Edwardes do than get a libretto by Sardou, and an English version by the pen of a witty and accomplished

"Man and Superman" was received so well upon the revival that I begin to have fears lest, shocked by popularity, Mr. Shaw in his future plays should become more rebellious to convention. It is rather quaint that at the Court Theatre his works, when compared with those of later lights, begin to have a somewhat hackneyed air. In self-defence, he may insist upon the management fulfilling its promise—or threat—to present the whole of "Man and Superman." What a capital farce as it stands! There are, perhaps, some phrases which people may charge with the crime of *double entente*, a charge that the author would repel by the statement that their meaning is quite plain; and, in fact, they are so plain as to be barely admissible in farce. But then to those who have faith the play is a profound comedy, and the laughter is almost an insult to the author. However, the players worked in true farcical spirit, and there are half-a-dozen admirable performances in the diverting play. Miss Lillah McCarthy is fascinating as Ann, and Miss Florence Haydon perfect as her mother. Miss Grace Lane presents Violet charmingly. Mr. Gwenn is still the brilliant Straker and Mr. Barker renders John Tanner capitally. The elderly men are safe in the hands of Mr. James Hearn and Mr. Gurney.



AUTHOR OF "THE MERVEILLEUSES":  
M. VICTORIEN SARDOU.

M. Sardou, like most French playwrights, occasionally calls in the assistance of literary "ghosts"; but he signed the manuscript of "The Merveilleuses," thus acknowledging it to be entirely his own work. The play was adapted by Mr. Basil Hood.

Photograph by the Exclusive News Agency.

writer like Basil Hood, and lyrics bearing the popular signature of Adrian Ross? Some of the few discontents were aggrieved because Mr. Graves happened to be ill; hardly the fault, I fancy, of Mr. Edwardes, and gave little praise to the clever impromptu efforts of Mr. Berry. This shows the hankering for the irresponsible low comedian responsible for the main humours of musical comedy. Our fathers accepted comic opera without such prominent low comedians as we need, and small blame to them. At any rate, the majority were delighted. The plot, not a very great plot, was loyally respected, and had some amusing twists and turns. The love-story, if not exactly thrilling, was so agreeably rendered by Miss Denise Orme, ably supported by Mr. Robert Evett, that it gave quite a pleasant little note of sincerity to the flavour of sentiment which forms an agreeable element in comic opera.

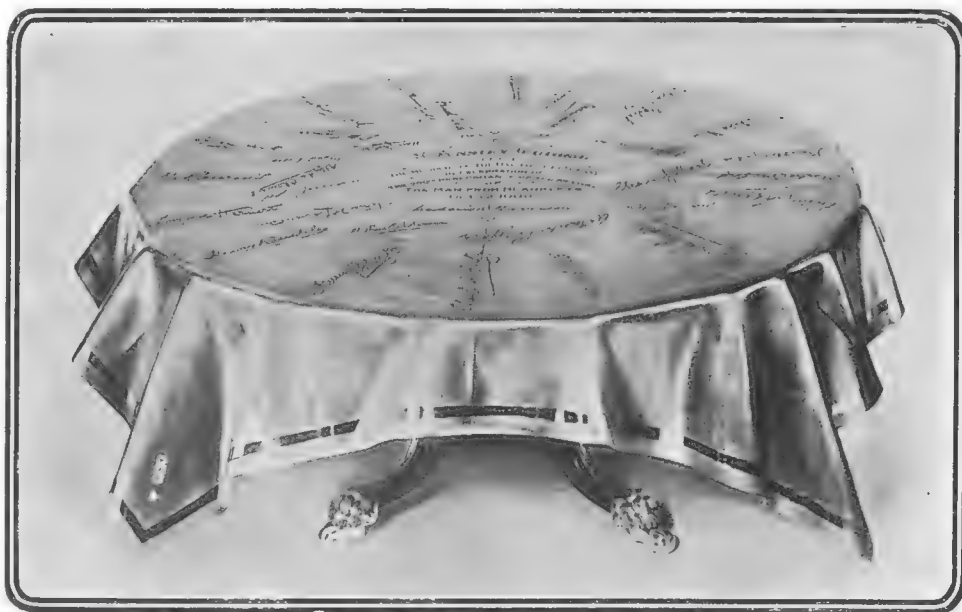
I am not confident that we shall succeed in catching the tunes of Hugo Felix all of a sudden: even the butcher-boy may be balked by "So Sorry" and "The Cuckoo Song," and we rely a good deal upon the butcher-boy's whistle for a knowledge of the current tunes. Yet everybody would like to hear Miss Orme singing a second time and be pleased to renew acquaintance with Mr. Evett when he is rendering "Illyrine." Miss Evie Greene has some capital numbers, such as "Ring-a-Ring-a-Roses" and "Tirra Lirra," and is in splendid voice: her acting as the most marvellous of the Merveilleuses is full of vigour. I have not space to deal with everybody who takes part in this notable production, success for which will be wished by the many who have grown tired of musical comedy, as well as by the faithful.



IN MR. GEORGE GRAVES'S SHOES:  
MR. W. H. BERRY.

Mr. Berry took Mr. George Graves's place in "The Merveilleuses" when that comedian fell ill, and played the part of St. Amour at little more than twenty-four hours' notice. Our photograph shows Mr. Berry as the Valet in "Two Little Cherubs."

Photograph by the Play Pictorial.



A UNIQUE SOUVENIR OF THE 200TH PERFORMANCE OF "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S":  
A MINIATURE OF THE TABLE USED IN THE GREAT DINNER SCENE.

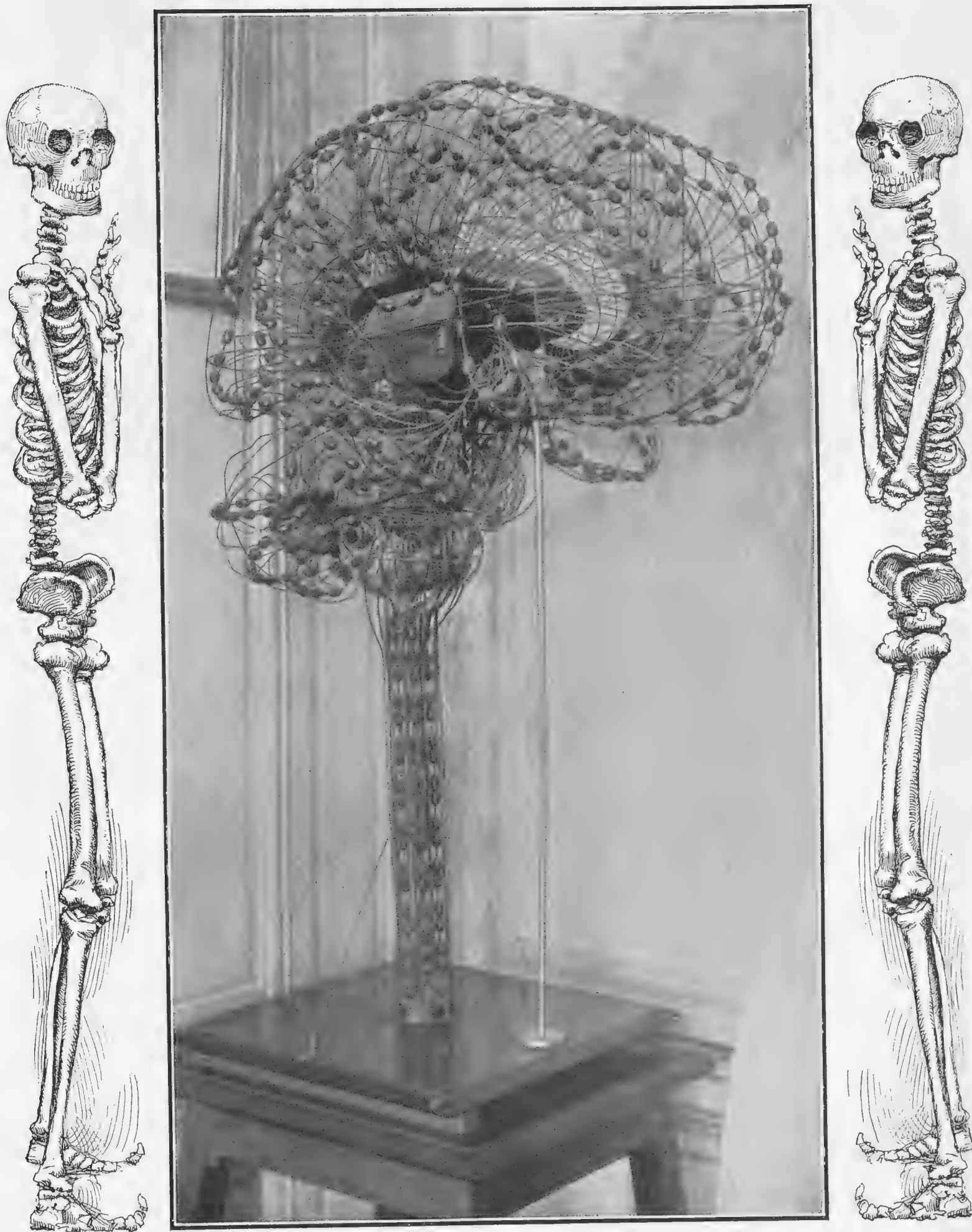
The idea of the souvenir, which was presented to Mr. F. Anstey Guthrie (Frank Anstey) the other day, originated with Mr. Weedon Grossmith, the Montague Tidmarsh of the production. The table is of silver, and bears the autographs of the members of the cast.

The return of "Colonel Newcome" to town shows that the public hardly sides with those who growl against adapting the masterpieces of dead authors. Mr. Tree's remarkable picture of Colonel Newcome—one of his finest studies—atones to them for any assumed slight to Thackeray in the chops and changes made by Mr. Michael Morton. Certainly Mr. Tree does all he can to preserve the spirit of the dear old officer, and represents him in a very touching and also quietly humorous fashion. He has nearly all the actors of the first night still in the cast; but many changes have taken place among the ladies. The reception on the evening of the revival showed that there should be little difficulty in running the play till Christmas time.

"The Man from Blankley's" has passed another milestone in its career; like "Charley's

Aunt," it is still running, and, if quality means endurance, should outstay that famous farce. For Mr. Anstey's satirical play is really a fine, curious piece, truly comic, and rather scathing; nor must it be assumed that people outside Bayswater can smile with quite clear consciences. Still, wherever they come from, they will be wise to come, and must laugh at the quaint creatures presented by a cast of remarkable strength and length as well—a long team with no tail. Mr. Keble Howard's clever comedietta, "Compromising Martha," serves as a diverting prelude.

MAN'S TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.



AN EXTRAORDINARY MODEL OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF THE BRAIN.

The model is to be seen in the consulting-room of a French doctor. We cannot guarantee the correctness of the skeletons that here flank it.

*Photograph by Laurence and Co.*



## THE GOOD OLD FIFTH.



DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER (after a riotous evening at a Fancy-dress Ball): I always thought your Guy Fawkes Day was a hero.  
I find he is a bonfire. It is very tiring.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



# Edison Juggins, the Greatest Inventor of the Age.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



## III.—THE EDISON JUGGINS REMOVE-ALL SUCTION HOUSE-CLEANER.

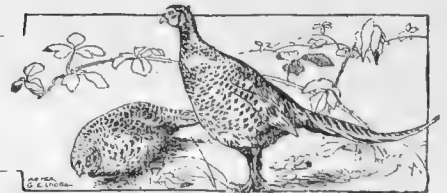
Mr. Edison Juggins, noting the great vogue of the Vacuum Cleaner, determined to go one better. We learn that the success of his invention was unparalleled during its first trial: at the end of half an hour the house was thoroughly cleaned out. Mr. Edison Juggins' maid followed the proceedings—and the furniture—with keen interest.





## WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*The "Fascinating" Stoat.*

I wonder whether we shall ever get a satisfactory explanation of the fascination which the stoat exercises over the rabbit. Some nights ago, while driving through a country lane about twilight, I disturbed a stoat and a rabbit in a stubble-field, at a moment when the rabbit could not have hoped to cover many more yards, and the stoat must have been looking forward to its supper. Seeing me, the pursuer stopped, put his head up and stared for a moment, and then crouched. The rabbit, on the other hand, seemed to summon up courage, and raced right away from the stoat to the very edge of its burrow. Instead of running in and trying to spoil the scent for her enemy, she then yielded to curiosity, and sat at the edge of the retreat, looking first at me and then back at the stoat. I was driving to catch a train, and though I had a gun, the land is highly preserved and belongs to a man I don't know, so I was obliged to drive on and take no part in proceedings. Doubtless, as soon as the sound of the horse's hoofs had died away, the stoat resumed the pursuit, and doubtless the rabbit yielded its life without even an intelligent effort to get away. This fascination that stoats, and even weasels, exercise is, of course, similar to that exercised by snakes, but it remains quite unaccountable. It may have some relation to the vice of curiosity, from which so much wild life suffers, but, in any case, it is responsible for much of the tragedy of the countryside. As far as I can see, the rabbit is much less frightened of the fox than it is of the stoat.

*Fox and Rabbit.*

The relations between the fox and the rabbit are not very clear. It is quite certain that foxes take toll of rabbits, and eat them freely when they can get nothing better. On the other hand, wherever you have a fox-cover, you find rabbits in scores, perhaps in hundreds, and in the early spring I have seen fox cubs and rabbits playing together. A very reasonable theory is founded on the fact that when a fox is seen with a rabbit it is generally in the early morning. Some country folk are of opinion that when the fox goes out to hunt in the evening he leaves the rabbits alone, but if he has had an unsuccessful hunt, and is coming back with nothing over his shoulder, then he will snap up a rabbit in default of anything better.

*Fox and Dead Birds.*

Some objection may be taken to the suggestion that the fox carries his game over his shoulder, but it is the literal truth. If Reynard has something small, such as a chicken, that he can hold easily in his mouth, he will trot away with it quite comfortably; but if he catches a duck, and finds legs or neck trailing upon the ground, he will throw it over his shoulder, and reach

home in this way. He may be seen at this season in marsh-land, bringing home a duck or widgeon that may have been shot, but not retrieved, by the wildfowlers. He is the fowlers' scavenger; he hunts their cripples, and does his work very thoroughly. If you take good dogs down hedgerows on the day after a big shoot, you will be certain to find a number of dead and wounded birds, unless, as sometimes happens, one of the beaters has been before you; but if you hunt the marshes with a dog on the morning after the flight shooters have been down there it is long odds that you will not find a single bird, even if the fowlers have confessed to hitting and losing a few. The fox loves marshland, and often makes his autumn home in an osier-bed. If he can find sufficient shellfish to reward him, he will live comfortably among the reeds until he is disturbed, and he will vary the monotony of fish with clever attempts, that are generally unsuccessful, to surprise the partridges that come to sleep in the long grass when they have left the last stubbles and are bringing good digestion to wait on appetite.

*The Fox as Game-Stalker.*

Reynard has all the instinct of a trained stalker. One or two autumns ago I had built a screen round an old tree-trunk, in order to shoot wood-pigeons over a decoy. I could see well over a grass field, and one afternoon, when the pigeons were late, a covey of partridges came off the stubbles, and began to settle down in their usual circle. An old dog fox came up wind from a spinney some fifty yards away, and began to work his way towards the partridges in fashion that might have recalled to readers of Fenimore Cooper a red Indian on the trail. He crept along the far field for a certain distance, then he entered the meadow where the partridges were collected, and moved towards them in a semicircle, preparing to pounce. I was wondering whether he would succeed, and whether I had any moral right to disturb him, seeing that I'd have been delighted to secure a brace for myself, when the two first pigeons

of the evening came towards the spinney, saw the decoy, and began to descend. Then I got my first shot, the partridges rose and flew away, and Reynard sat up on his haunches. If he did not utter the Englishman's shortest prayer, his expression suggested the mood from which that prayer proceeds. He saw me instantly, but my appearance didn't frighten him in the least; he just sat there and showed his teeth. In a part of the country where foxes are well preserved and honestly

treated, they often show absolute indifference to man, and seem to realise that they are perfectly safe from the gun. Perhaps they like the sound of it, knowing that a busy day with the guns always leaves a number of dead or wounded birds to be picked up.



A BIRD THAT LAYS "VARNISHED" EGGS: THE NEST AND EGGS OF THE TINAMOU.

The tinamou is the Argentine partridge. Its eggs are notable for their varnished appearance.

Photograph by W. S. Berridge.



A HAND-MADE ISLAND IN THE LAKE OF NEUCHÂTEL? SWITZERLAND'S LATEST SENSATION.

The Swiss newspapers are making much "copy" out of a scheme to create an island in the centre of the Lake of Neuchâtel. In the lake, it seems, there is a submerged mountain, the top of which is within six or seven feet of the surface. It is proposed to use this mountain as the foundations of the island.

Photograph by Kuhn.

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SHE HAD BAGGED ANOTHER JAY!



"MY BIRD, I BELIEVE!"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

*N.B.—Note the "bag" in the background.*



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## OUTWARD APPEARANCES.

BY PERCY E. REINGANUM.

LORD MAYOR'S Day, and a London fog: not, perhaps, sufficiently impenetrable to merit Mr. Guppy's title of "London particular," but dense enough to blur the Law Courts, seen from the opposite side of the way, into a vague, pale yellow mass; dense enough to irritate the eyes and throat of the unacclimatised stranger, dense enough to make the intermittent flags on the clothes-line across the street—popularly supposed to be decorations—look more insignificant than ever.

At windows everywhere unaccustomed faces of ladies and children, coughing and blinking, imbibing their sherry and fog and waiting for the procession. In the sand-strewn trafficless Fleet Street, a loose shifting crowd, pushing purposelessly hither and thither, with a continuous shuffling sound: here and there enlivened by a mad scramble for hot coppers, or by a line of singing, squeaking factory girls, arm-in-arm, glorying in feathers and fringe; innumerable loafers of the unemployed and won't-be-employed classes; City clerks of all ages, sizes, and salaries; porters, commissionaires, messengers, and programme-hawkers; important City men, with half their importance bumped and squeezed out of them, their families in their wake, on the way to "the warehouse"; stray dogs and stray boys everywhere, wriggling between the legs of the citizens.

Mr. Raglan stood on the shelter round the Griffin's pedestal, and looked at the crowd. Above him, from the side of the hideous monument, the Heir Apparent craned his neck to look at him. Mr. Raglan took no interest in Lord Mayors' Shows, but he had stopped a moment in crossing the road to survey the crowd with the calm eye of the man who has breakfasted well and is about to lunch better. A highly satisfactory interview with a highly satisfactory client also assisted in filling him with a kind of smooth content, and he smiled amiably at nobody and everybody as he leaned on his umbrella, in an unstudied attitude of restful peace.

Five or six minutes later he was flying down the Strand at his utmost rate of speed, his coat-tails flapping behind him, shouting inarticulately, and choking at intervals.

"Ere! Wot's up?" said a big policeman, checking his mad career.

"My watch!" gasped Mr. Raglan, "stolen—a gold one. Stop thief! Stop that boy!"

On ahead, almost vanished in the fog, was a small ragged boy. He was running—running hard, and the sight aroused the policeman's official instincts, and he started in pursuit. As Mr. Raglan ran on again he found a young man running beside him.

"I saw it, too!" he panted; "afraid we shall lose him!"

The passers-by stared, stopped, turned their heads and stared again: some even made a grab at the fugitive, but he dodged their half-hearted endeavours easily; a few joined in the chase, but gave it up ere long. Mr. Raglan set his teeth and ran the harder; he hated being got the better of. The principle of his life had been, "Do others, that you may not be done by them." And there were few persons, in or out of the legal profession, who could boast of having bested Mr. Raglan; and now that shadowy ragamuffin had managed, or seemed likely to manage, to get something out of him for nothing.

"Round the corner," panted the young clerk at his heels, the policeman being, of course, hopelessly distanced. They swung round to the right into the turning indicated. Yes, there was something like a boy a hundred yards down the street, darting along the greasy pavement.

"Shall you follow him into Drury?" said the clerk reluctantly, knowing as a Londoner that if there is one thing worse than an East End slum it is a West End slum.

"I'll follow him," said Mr. Raglan between his set teeth, "to Hades!"

On they ran. The pace was beginning to tell on both men: the younger divided between his duty to his office and his desire to see the affair out; the other seeing nothing, thinking of nothing, but the short figure dimly seen through the yellow haze.

Round to the left went the quarry in full cry, and his pursuers followed with the feeling that they were nearing their goal. The street they were now in was a narrow, mean one of dull, dirty houses and disreputable shops. A few loafers of both sexes and all ages looked apathetically at the strangers and remarked that they was in a 'urry, they was. A detachment of the juvenile population tailed on behind them foreseeing sport, and urged them on with encouraging cries.

It was just then that Mr. Raglan, happening to step on a cabbage-stalk, slipped, tried to recover himself, and plunged forward heavily on hands and knees, amidst a chorus of unsympathetic ejaculations. He was up in a minute with the assistance of his companion, and they started off once more, but in a moment

stopped and looked rather blankly at one another, their breath coming in sharp gasps and hanging visibly in the damp air.

The boy had vanished: for the first time they had lost sight of the object of their chase!

"These streets simply abound in courts and entries," said the young man in a low tone. "He can't be far off, and must be on this side of the way."

They went on, walking quickly, but with wary looks, searching for some opening to a blind alley. They had passed one or two, as being too near for the boy to have run down, when Mr. Raglan stopped at the mouth of a dark passage arched over like a short tunnel, through which, in spite of the fog, a paved court was visible.

"Try here," said Mr. Raglan shortly, and with an inward shudder Tom Crocker followed him through the darkness of the archway.

The fog was less dense when they got through, and they could see that they were in a small court paved with rough cobbles and surrounded by high houses, varying one from the other only in their stages of dirt and dilapidation. At the farther end were stables, and the smell of the horses, the reek of cabbage-water from an open window, the rotting refuse under foot and on all sides, were enough to try even the steady nerves of Mr. Raglan.

There was a knot of men at one of the open doors, and as the two stumbled into the court five or six unprepossessing faces were turned towards them. But Mr. Raglan took no notice of them: his eyes were directed towards a figure in the opposite corner—a ragged, panting boy, tying a piece of cord round the neck of a dog, a dirty disgrace to the terrier breed.

"Look!" said Mr. Raglan, with a jerk of his head in the boy's direction. Crocker looked.

"Can't be sure," he whispered; "these boys look all alike."

"He's out of breath," said Mr. Raglan; "we'll see," and with a gleam in his sharp eyes, he advanced across the slimy pavement.

He had gone just far enough to indicate the spot for which he was making, when a man detached himself from the group and came towards him: a massive, truculent fellow with stubbly, square jaw, his pipe in his mouth, his hands in the pockets of his corduroys.

They met about half-way across: the man with the pipe stopped squarely in front of Mr. Raglan, and as the latter made a side movement to pass he stepped in front of him again.

For a moment they stared at one another with steady, impassive faces.

"Let me pass," said Mr. Raglan quietly, but with suppressed anger in his voice.

"Wot fur?" said the man deliberately after a pause.

"Mind your own —" began Mr. Raglan furiously; then checked himself, and said, "I want that boy," with a glance over his interlocutor's broad shoulder.

"Wot fur?" repeated the man, without deigning to look in the direction indicated.

Again a pause; and the man of the world gave in to the man of the slums.

"He's stolen my watch!"

There was what the newspapers term a "sensation" among the loungers of the court; everyone turned to look at the boy, who, unconcernedly, continued his operations on the dog.

"E ain't bin outer the court!"

"Why, he's panting now!" retorted Mr. Raglan.

"Bill," said the big man, still keeping his eyes on Mr. Raglan's face, as the latter watched the boy's movements, "come 'ere; gen'l'man wornts ter tork t' yer."

The boy raised his head, and Mr. Raglan gasped. Crocker was watching too, and he gasped. It was what most strangers did when Bill's face was first revealed to them with the background of filthy slum. Angelic faces are rare anywhere, but to find cherubic sweetness in every line of the features of a ragged little gutter-snipe is somewhat of a shock. The white forehead was a little grimy and streaked with perspiration, and the soft cheeks were pale with the pallor of the slum child; but nothing could diminish the glory of the magnificent blue eyes and the crop of shining curls that showed round the rim of the tattered cap.

At his father's word Bill got up and came forward, his feet dragging in boots several sizes too large for him; he wore no jacket, and string braces across his flannel shirt held up the ragged trousers that hung in folds and wrinkles on his small person.

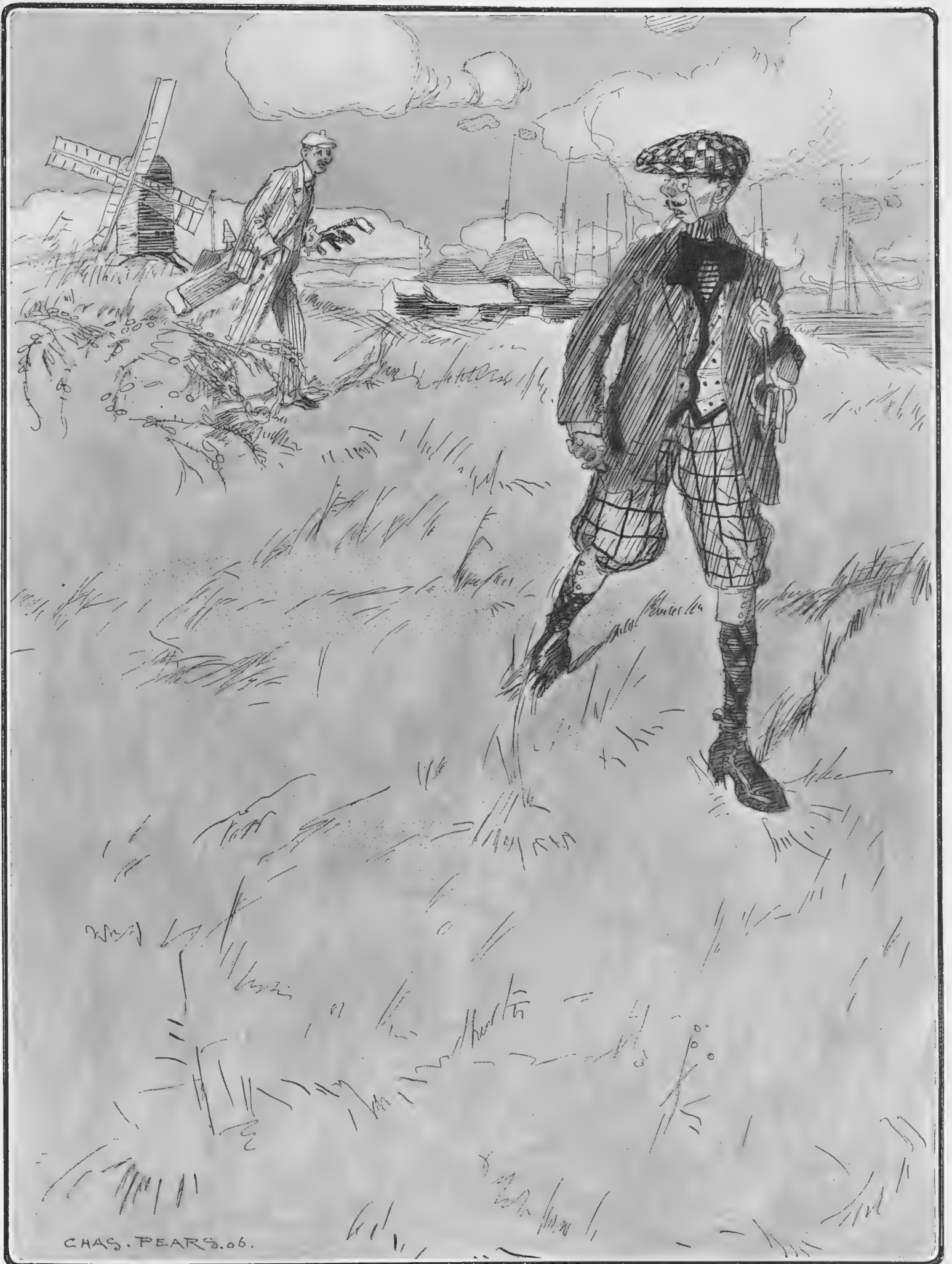
"'Ave you bin outer this yer court this mornin'?" asked his parent.

"Yus, on'y a few minnits when Spot theer run art," said the boy.

"'Ave yer stole a watch this mornin'?" continued the man, as though it were the most ordinary thing in the world to ask.

[Continued overleaf.]

NATURAL HUMOUR.



BINKS (*waxing poetic*): Nature's smiling this morning, Sir.

THE MAJOR (*sarcastically*): No wonder!

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



"Me! Me stole a watch!" said the boy with a flash in his bright eyes as he turned on Mr. Raglan and his companion. Mr. Raglan had some considerable knowledge of the world and its ways, and also, as a close observer, professed some belief in physiognomy: here was a case in which the one was at direct variance with the other.

"Yes," he said firmly; "give it up at once, and we'll say no more about it. This gentleman saw you do it, you know, so it's no use denying it."

"Yer lie!" shouted the boy, and then his lip trembled, and of a sudden his big eyes clouded. "I never done it, dad—tell 'em I never."

"I say," whispered Crocker nervously in Mr. Raglan's ear, "I don't want to make a mistake."

"There's no mistake," said Mr. Raglan, all the more sharply because he was not so certain of it. "Just turn round a minute, boy—right round. There," he added, as the boy complied, "isn't that the back we've been chasing?"

Crocker was staggered; and bit his nails in perplexity.

"Look 'ere!" said Bill's parent sternly, "you've bin an' mide a mistike; s'y so an' done with, but don't yer git callin' my boy a thief any more, d'jer 'ear?"

"I tell you," said Mr. Raglan firmly, "I am certain that that boy has my watch; if he will not hand it over at my request I must call a policeman."

"Call in the slop, will yer, yer old scarndrell, comin' in 'ere an' blackenin' people's characters!" Bill's father waxed virtuously wrath. Others of his stamp had drawn nearer, and all seemed even more virtuous and more wrath than that gentleman himself. It was not a pleasant situation. Mr. Raglan had grown a shade paler, but otherwise he gave no sign.

"If the boy didn't take my watch," he said, "he can have no objection to my feeling in his pockets."

"Soon as yer like!" said the boy, stepping forward with a winning smile that actually revealed a dimple, and holding up his hands, "yer may b'leeve me or not, Sir," he went on, as Mr. Raglan gingerly made a fruitless dab into each torn trouser-pocket, "but I ain't a thief; I never 'ave bin, Sir, and I 'ope I never shall!"

As he spoke he glanced across at Crocker, and for his benefit threw out his hands with a little eloquent gesture.

"If that kid's a thief, I'll be jiggered!" thought Crocker.

"Why, Willy, what is all this?" said a deep voice suddenly. Mr. Raglan straightened himself up and looked round.

There was a shuffling among the lounging men, a sort of half-hearted touching of hats and murmur of grudgingly respectful greetings. Bill said "Good mornin', Sir!" with a sunny smile, and Bill's father grunted a husky echo and got more into the background.

The newcomer was a clergyman: a tall, thin man, with a pale, clean-shaven face and weak eyes.

"Not very well off, not very sharp, not very strong," was Mr. Raglan's inward commentary.

"What is the matter, my boy?" said the new arrival, "or perhaps I should ask you, Sir, what is it you want with this lad?" and he placed his hand on Bill's shoulder.

"You know him?" queried Mr. Raglan.

"It is my duty to know him—and these," said the curate quietly, with a glance round the foul court.

"What sort of character do you give him?"

"A good lad, Sir, a very good lad, a constant attendant at our mission classes, and intelligent in his lessons—I have hopes of that boy which I am sure will be realised."

"Ah!" said Mr. Raglan, half convinced, "you don't believe he'd steal my watch?"

"Sir," said the conscientious curate, "such an accusation could only be made against him by someone who did not know him."

There was a long pause. Mr. Raglan shrugged his shoulders and looked at Crocker; Crocker shook his head vigorously and backed hastily out of the reeking court with a long breath of relief.

Mr. Raglan gave one more glance round the circle of faces, staring, scowling, grinning, serious, and angelic, shrugged his shoulders again, then held out his hand to the Curate.

"Good morning," he said; "I'll take your word. All the same, I swear you're the only honest soul in this dirty hole!"

He said not another word, but turned and passed through the dark archway, while they all looked after him and the clergyman shook his head.

"Well, my boy," he said, with a grave smile, "I haven't even asked you yourself whether you took this watch."

"Oh, Mister West!" was all the boy said, as he raised his splendid eyes with a reproachful glance to his face.

"Well, well, well!" he said. "Don't lay this false accusation to heart, but try never to deserve another more than this."

"Not if I knows it!" said Bill. "I knows my Commandments: 'Thou shalt not steal,' an' I don't!"

"Right you awe," growled his parent, "don't you!"

"Well, I can't stop now," said the curate; "I have an appointment. I hope to see you this evening, Willy, at the school-room; eight o'clock sharp, don't forget."

Then he, too, turned and vanished through the tunnel. Bill also made an instinctive movement towards it, and in an instant was wriggling in his parent's iron grip.

"Nar then, yer young rip! 'And it over!" and the other men edged round.

"'And wot over, dad?" said Bill, his blue eyes bigger and more innocent than ever."

"None o' yer rot—that 'ere ticker!" said his genial progenitor, shaking him.

"I ain't got it: I never took it! I said so," said Bill, with a sob.

"Wot!" shouted the father. "You ain't took it? You ain't, aintcher? Wot's the good o' you, I'd like ter know: never got nuthing, you ain't! Why, at your age I could carnt my four tickers a week—ah, an' a purse or two as well!"

"'E'll never be no good," observed a hardened old sinner with a patch over his eye; "too much o' the psalm-smitin' abart 'im."

The father flung the boy away with a curse and a kick, and turned away with his companions. Bill rubbed his bruises, smeared his hand across his eyes, and shuffled out into the street.

A tall, shabby fellow was lounging near, with a straw in his mouth, which he occasionally moved and contemplated gravely. Apparently he was a stranger, for Bill passed him without recognition; but of a sudden he stopped and addressed the lamp-post.

"Go 'arves?" he said.

"Wot is it?" It was the tall young man who spoke, and he was evidently addressing his straw.

"A ticker—gold 'un. Old man tried to get it outer me."

"Ole Isaacs won't take it from you; let's 'ave it."

"Right you are; look art then! all clear your way! Now—quick! 'Arves, remember!"

Like a flash Bill had stooped and inserted a quick hand into one of the big boots, and in two minutes Mr. Raglan's watch was on its way to the unofficial receiver and the melting-pot.

Bill, still, as ever, the incarnation of angelic innocence, pursed up his rosy lips and whistled. It was not a sacred air.

THE END.



FIRST GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE: Where are yer goin'?

SECOND GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE: Dunno. Think I'll take an 'ansom keb, and go out er me mind.

DRAWN BY THORPE.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

THE present week probably marks a record in the West End theatres, for at two of them the author of the chief piece of the evening also supplies the curtain-raiser. The two theatres, it need hardly be said, are the Criterion and the Royalty. At the former "The Amateur Socialist" has since Monday been preceded by Mr. Kingsley Tarpey's one-act play, "The Collaborators," adapted by him from a short story by Mrs. Kingsley Tarpey. It was specially written to afford Miss Lilian Braithwaite the opportunity which her part in the chief piece of the evening admittedly does not give her. She has for her companions Miss Minnie Terry, Miss Henrietta Cowen, Mr. Percival Stevens, Mr. Clayton Greene, and Mr. O. P. Heggie.

At the Royalty, Mr. Charles Hannan is the author not only of the farcical comedy, "The Electric Man," which is the chief item in the programme, but also of "The Setting of the Sun," the one-act play which will precede it. In the former, the principal part will be played by Mr. Harry Nicholls, who will thus make a welcome return to the stage, from which he has been absent over - long; other characters being impersonated by Mr. Marsh Allen, Mr. H. de Lange, Mr. Sydney Paxton, Mr. Harry Barford, Miss Phyllis Relph, Miss Ruth Maitland, Mrs. B. M. de Solla, and Miss June van Buskirk, who, it will be remembered, made a "hit" in the short-lived "An Angel Un-awares" at Terry's Theatre. In addition, Mrs. Charles Calvert has been "lent" to the new management by Mr. Frederick Harrison in order that she may play the part of an old landlady, which, it is said, will give her many opportunities for the display of her peculiar talents.

The fashion of selecting the 13th of the month for an important production, to which *The Sketch* recently drew attention, is to be followed by Mr. Bouchier, who has fixed next Tuesday evening for the production of "Macbeth," at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. Considerable interest other than a local one has been expressed in the revival, which, as in the case of "The Merchant of Venice," at the Garrick, is being supervised by Mr. Alan McKinnon.

The first of the three days' sale of the effects of the late Mr. Toole will take place to-morrow at Sotheby's, when the books, letters, pictures, playbills, and prints will be disposed of; and on Monday, at the late comedian's house, 44, Maida Vale, the furniture and the house itself will be offered for sale. Collectors of autographs will have a fine opportunity of securing letters from most of the past and present well-known actors, while considerable interest is likely to

attach to the book or the pantomime in which Sir Henry Irving appeared in Edinburgh in 1858 as a wicked fairy. In connection with that performance an anecdote has been told which, whether authentic or not, is full of interest, for it has been held to mark one of the turning points in Sir Henry's career. He had not, so the story runs, distinguished himself during his first season in Edinburgh, and his services had not been secured for the following year, so his engagement was to terminate with the pantomime. He was given the part of the wicked fairy, seen only in the opening "dark scene." So wonderful was his make-up, that when he was discovered sitting on a gridiron the house broke into a spontaneous burst of applause, and his acting success was no less marked. The result was that he was re-engaged for the following season.

Manchester was recently selected by Miss Winifred Emery for starting her tour with "Olivia," as *Sketch* readers will remember, and that same city has now been chosen by Mr. David Bispham for the production of Madame Liza Lehmann's opera, "The Vicar of Wakefield," the book of which has been written by Mr. Laurence Housman. In this Mr. Bispham will play Dr. Primrose, and Mrs. Theodore Wright Mrs. Primrose; Squire Thornhill being undertaken by Mr. Walter Hyde, Mr. Burchell by Mr. Richard Temple, Moses by Mr. Arthur Eldred, Sophia by Miss Edith Clegg, and Olivia by Miss Isabel Jay, when the piece is brought to London a few weeks later.

From success in London to success in New York! That, according to some, if not all of the cabled reports, is the way of Mr. Bernard Shaw, for his "Caesar and Cleopatra," with Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott (illustrations of whom appeared in *The Sketch* two weeks ago in the name-parts), was produced last Wednesday evening, amid the acclamation of the critics and public alike, at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York. Practically speaking, it was a complete English production, for the scenery was the work of Mr. Ryan, Mr. McCleery, and Mr. Harker, and the company was composed of the actors who were playing with Mr. Robertson on his provincial tour.

### THE PALACE GIRLS.

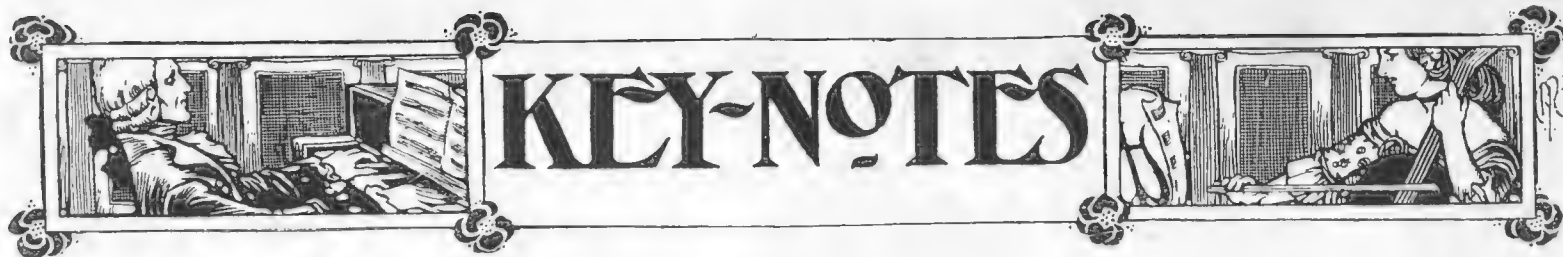
The heading of this page shows the Palace Girls in the costumes they wear while assisting Miss Billie Burke at the Palace Theatre. From left to right the ladies are: Misses Amy Robinson, Bertha Oliver, Vera Adair, Nancy Haslaw, Jessie Walton, Hilda Allen, Georgia Cavins, and Beatrice Williams. The photograph is by Bassano.



MISS MADGE MCINTOSH AS THE INSPIRED PRIESTESS OF ARTEMIS IN "THE VIRGIN GODDESS," AT THE ADELPHI.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.





AN exceedingly interesting concert was given a few days ago, under the conductorship of Mr. Arthur Fagge, by the London Choral Society. Dr. Walford Davies's "Everyman" was performed, a work which seems now to have met with wide approval. The present writer heard it on the occasion of its first production at Leeds a couple of years ago, and he is bound to say that he was not so much impressed by it as were many other critics of excellent judgment. He considers that a great deal of it is monotonous, though perhaps the old play itself is partly responsible for the manner in which Dr. Davies has treated it. Nobody could deny the composer's cleverness, and the orchestration is quite good. It is true that certain influences seem to bear rather strongly upon the composer—among which influences must be reckoned the names of Berlioz and Elgar. Nevertheless, there is no denying the musicianly accomplishment which is to be noted in the score, even if the results are somewhat dry. The programme was a little absurd in its comments upon the work, because we were informed that the drama is beautifully expressed by the continuous music. That is, of course, a matter for the hearers to decide, and not for public dictation.

Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, in the part of Everyman, sang exceedingly well and with great dramatic feeling. He enters into the spirit of the part with much gravity, and at the same time with keen understanding. Among other soloists must be mentioned Miss Gleeson-White and Miss Alice Lakin, who sang the contralto part quite excellently; Mr. Henry Beaumont, who was good in the tenor part, Death; and Mr. Julien Henry, who was the Narrator, and was quite satisfactory. The chorus was altogether admirable, and Mr. Arthur Fagge conducted with much ability. Mr. Josef Holbrooke's setting of Poe's "The Bells" was also performed at this concert, and once more proved to us, as we have before said, that it is a work of striking and original genius.

Miss Tilly Koenen gave a recital, which proved to be very interesting and was certainly very successful, last week at the Bechstein Hall. Her contralto voice is really very fine, and no doubt in time she will tone down certain roughnesses that are observable in her methods of singing. If at times she is a trifle violent, that disqualification seems

rather to be owing to nervousness and to a desire to do her best than to any lack of art. She sang Beethoven, Schumann, and five songs by Mr. Albert Mallinson, who played his own accompaniments. Schubert and Brahms were also included in her programme, and, with the exception of Mr. Mallinson's songs, Miss Bruno, who hails from Berlin, accompanied with refinement and no small distinction.



A MUSICAL MAYOR: MR. "JIMMIE" GLOVER, MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF DRURY LANE, WHO IS THE NEW MAYOR OF BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

Mr. James Glover, the well-known musical director of Drury Lane Theatre, takes up the duties of Mayor of Bexhill on Friday. "Lord De La Warr's town" should now have more interesting musical entertainments than ever.—(Photograph by Ellis and Watery.)

It was a graceful act on the part of Mr. Hugh Thomson to arrange a dinner in order to show the appreciation of musical critics for the work which Mr. Joseph Bennett has done so well for many years. From that work he is now retiring, and we all of us know how assiduously he has laboured in the cause of musical art, and with what vigour he has defended his own opinions, no matter who might have been the man who was in opposition to those opinions. Mr. Bennett, as a matter of fact, has rightly earned the esteem of his colleagues by reason of his earnestness, his great knowledge, and his sturdy insistence upon his own ideas in music. It needed, in fact, no explanation from him at the banquet given in his honour for one to know with what rectitude and straightforwardness he has ordered his artistic life.

Madame Melba appeared in "La Traviata" a few days ago, and made, of course, a great success in the part. It is rather a pity (at least, so it seems to the present writer) that she chooses such a very narrow circle for her operatic interpretations. Nevertheless, in the parts which she chooses she is certainly unique among the prima donnas of to-day. Her glorious voice rang out with splendid effect, and she really acted with singular sincerity and meaning.

COMMON CHORD.



MISS DOROTHY MUIR-MACKENZIE.

MR. MARK HAMBOURG.

#### THE ENGAGEMENT OF MR. MARK HAMBOURG: THE WELL-KNOWN PIANIST AND HIS FIANCÉE.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Mark Hambourg, the well-known and popular pianist, to Miss Dorothy Muir-Mackenzie, daughter of Sir Thomas Augustus Muir-Mackenzie, Permanent Principal Secretary to the Lord Chancellor and Clerk of the Crown in Chancery. Mr. Hambourg first met Miss Muir-Mackenzie at Brussels, where she was studying the violin under Ysaye. The wedding will probably take place early next year.

Photographs by Halfstones, Ltd.

violinist from pure love of music. He began to study seriously with Professor Chiti, of Florence, and later studied under Juan Buitrago, in New York. The first of his four concerts was given on Wednesday last; the next is on Tuesday evening, the 13th.

#### MR. ALBERT SPALDING.

Mr. Albert Spalding, the young violinist who is giving four symphony concerts at Queen's Hall, assisted by the London Symphony Orchestra, was born in Chicago. From his cradle he has had all the advantages that wealth can give him, and he undertook the arduous work necessary to become a great violinist.



COMMENTS ON THE BODIES OF TOWN MOTOR-CARRIAGES—BRUTALITY TO MOTOR-BUSES—A NEW LIGHT, ROLL-UP HOOD—THE NEW 30-40 H.P. CROSSLEY—SIX-CYLINDER CARS AT THE SHOW—MRS. CATHCART WASON IN A LIMIT-EXCEEDING CAR.

THE report of the special jury on the general finish and appearance of the body-work of the cars entered and competing in the Town Motor-Carriage Competition held last month is worthy of study, not only by the makers of such carriages, but by all who contemplate the purchase of a motor-car chiefly for town use. The jury found that in some cases the superstructure did not appear to be properly balanced on the base, while in others the wheel-base was not of sufficient length to give dignity to the body or gracefulness to the appearance of the car. Mud-guards were occasionally brought beyond the line of opening in the door, so that access to the body was curtailed and doors did not open wide enough to afford easy and safe exit. The jury drew attention to the difficulty occasionally incurred in raising and lowering the hoods of cars. Many of them were far from easily moved, the absence of handles in the interior for this purpose being much too general. The jury thought that there was room for some ingenious device which would make an open and closed carriage possible, while preserving the general graceful outline. Few of the seats were really comfortable. There would appear to be much scope, therefore, for improvement in the future design of town motor-carriage bodies.

It is impossible to question the convenience that motor-omnibuses have proved to the travelling public at least, or to suggest now that the end of the horse-drawn caravan is not in sight; but all will sympathise with and commend the noise-test to which the police are now subjecting motor-buses coming up for license. Motor-cars of all powers are now made to run so silently that no annoyance from noise can be alleged against them, and it is only the unprecedented demand and consequent hurried

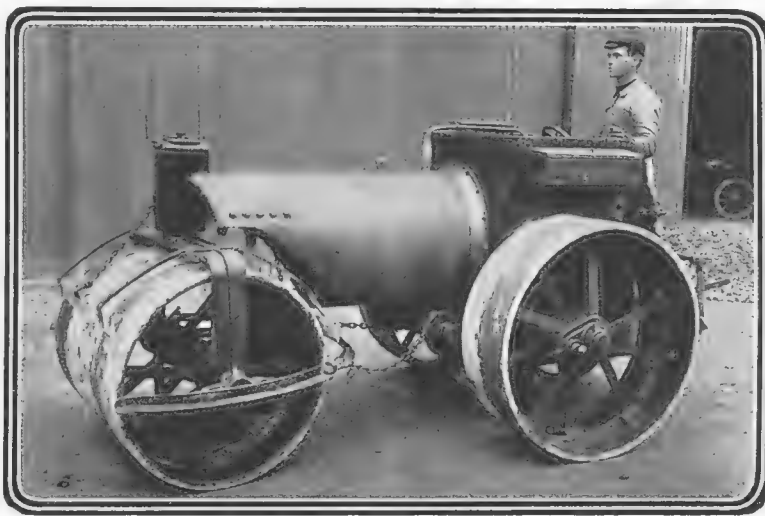
output that has stood in the way of silencing the motor-bus. Much of the trouble, even with the later 'buses, is, however, due to the maximum of work and the minimum of care and overlooking given to these huge vehicles, for in many cases they are allowed to take the road just as long as their engines will propel them. Brakes, chains, universal joints, springs, etc., go unadjusted, and clash and clatter and ring when the car is run-

ning over rough roads in a manner that chills the heart of anyone who has any tenderness for machinery. Motor-buses that are called upon to cover 120 miles of London roads per day want the greatest care and the closest supervision—and they don't always get it.

In addition to the all-British 24-h.p. Morgan car, which has now won its spurs, Messrs. Morgan and Co. will show at Olympia a new light hood (invented by Major Samuel) to be used in combination with that gallant gentleman's now widely celebrated "Protector" screen, or any other dashboard screen desired. In this hood (when down) all unsightly hoops and brackets are done away with, such framing

and material as enter into its composition being rolled up on a cylinder, and, with the framing, snugly ensconced in a neat box running across the back of the car.

The new 30-40-h.p. Crossley, the first car of the type to be turned out by the famous firm of Messrs. Crossley Brothers, Limited, of Manchester, will make its bow at Olympia under the ægis of Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, who will therein present to visitors a grand example of British design and workmanship. The great reputation enjoyed by the Manchester engineering firm will inspire all British purchasers with confidence in the new car.



A MOTOR TO MEND THE ROAD FOR MOTORS: A MOTOR-DRIVEN ROAD-ROLLER—SIDE VIEW.

An attempt has been made at Boulogne to substitute a motor-driven road-roller for the old-fashioned steam-roller. The new roller is of from six to nine horse-power, and can attain a speed of from one-and-a-half to two-and-a-quarter miles an hour.

Photograph by Branger

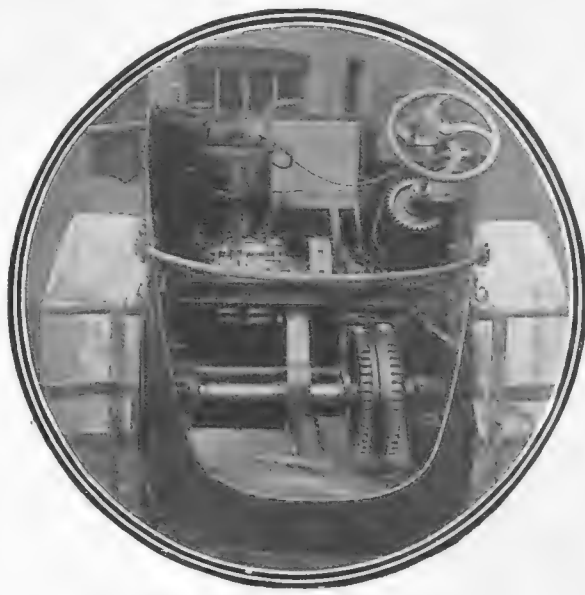
well-considered, well-designed and finished automobile building. The excellent reputation already gained in this country by its smaller brother, the four-cylinder Minerva, is earnest of what the new six-cylinder is likely to prove. Indeed, I hear from one who has made several trial trips upon it already that it runs with a smoothness and "silkeness" remarkable even in a six-cylinder car, and that its life is quite extraordinary. With the extra wheel-base and special springing the new six-cylinder Minerva should make one of the sweetest-running and most comfortable cars upon the market.

Sooner or later one's chickens come home to roost, and sooner or later the persecutor gets a dose of his own prescription. I know that's a terribly mixed metaphor, but I present it to illustrate the position of that arch-motorphobist, Mr. Cathcart Wason, M.P.

Up in Ayrshire, a few days ago, a motor-car driver was fined £3 3s. for an alleged speed of twenty-five miles per hour in the village of Ballantrae. Now, as the driver had been warned of the trap and two ladies in the car spoke to the speed having been reduced in consequence, I have no doubt that the police timing was up to its usual accuracy; so the fact of Mrs. Cathcart Wason being one of the ladies whose evidence did not avert the fine may appeal to that lady's husband, who represents a constituency where a motor-car has never been seen, and, notwithstanding his protestations to the contrary, has always been regarded as a bitter foe to automobilism.



THE NEW MOTOR-DRIVEN ROAD-ROLLER—FRONT VIEW.



THE NEW MOTOR-DRIVEN ROAD-ROLLER—THE MECHANISM.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

LIVERPOOL—EXPENSES—"S. P." MEN.

It is a pity, seeing the amount of added money given at Aintree, that the entries are not bigger. The fact of the matter is, owners do not care to incur the expenses attending the sending of horses so far afield; and it really seems that at last those who run horses are determined to do so on business lines. The Grand National can always be relied on to pay the expenses of the year at Aintree, however, and I consider it the prettiest sight of the whole year to watch the crowd and the jumpers. The Liverpool Autumn Cup has not attracted much notice from ante-post speculators for many seasons—owing, perhaps, to the many eleventh-hour surprises that have scored in the race. Those who back the favourite at the start may come off best again this year. It is just twenty years since Melton won the Liverpool Autumn Cup

MR. ENRIGHT.

to pay a halfpenny above the ordinary travelling expenses and ordinary riding fees. It is preposterous to see many of the jockeys riding in their own motor-cars, while some of the owners they ride for have to travel on Shanks's mare. True, the labourer is worthy of his hire, but I cannot see that an owner should be expected to provide a jockey with good living, fine raiment, and pretty well every luxury that money can command. The jockeys might argue that to the victor belong the spoils; but they should be taught to remember that the horse and the trainer have something to do with it. We seldom hear of an owner giving his trainer a handsome present, yet a successful jockey would be sorely disappointed did he not have some sort of memento after riding a big winner.

The law seemingly is now defined with regard to starting-price bookmakers, who apparently are not allowed to receive money before-



HOLDER OF THE RECORD CAST OF 148 FEET 6 INCHES: MR. JOHN ENRIGHT, THE BRITISH CHAMPION SALMON-FLY CASTER, AT CASTLECONNELL, ON THE SHANNON.

Mr. John Enright, who is the British Champion Salmon-Fly Caster, recently won the New York Anglers' Club Open Tournament. With an 18-ft. rod he made a cast of 148 ft. 6 in. The American record stands at 147 ft. Only two Americans entered against Mr. Enright, one of them casting 137 ft. Mr. Enright, casting with a 14-ft. rod, beat his own world's record of 120 ft. by 6 ft.—[Photographs by Bull Austin.]

carrying 9 st. 8 lb. In 1893 La Flèche carried 9 st. 6 lb. to victory. When Count Schomberg won, with S. Loates in the saddle, in 1896, he had to jump over a fallen horse. All Sloan's friends were on Fabulist when that horse was successful in 1900, and every little street punter in London supported Wild Lad, who won the race two years back. The race this year takes place on Lord Mayor's Day. The handicaps at Liverpool are now framed by the committee of handicappers—Messrs. Dawkins, Keyser, and Lee—who, by-the-bye, have not been over-successful of late, as the public have managed to spot the majority of the winners of the big handicaps this year. In my opinion all racehorses should be weighted on their best form, and not on their worst, in all handicaps of over £500 value.

Now that the racing officials are arguing the point of racecourse expenses with the owners, we ought to learn something that should do us a little good. My own opinion is that, as far as racecourse management itself is concerned, the thing is done cheaply and well. At the same time, all vexatious fees—such as those for weighing—should be abolished, and free stabling and fodder for horses engaged should be the rule and not the exception. The added money should be really and truly added money, and not be found by owners themselves. Race-cards should be supplied free, leaving the advertisers to pay the cost of production and distribution. So much for racecourse management. Now for jockeys' fees. I think all retainers should be done away with, and that owners should sign a round robin not

hand for betting transactions. The consequence is that a great deal of the starting-price money goes to the Continent, and is sent back to the English racecourses. In the long run this will force people to go racing who up till lately have been content to do their betting at home, and it will in time kill many of the starting-price bookmakers. However, there is a way out of the difficulty, for no law could prevent anybody from sending a message on to the course to back horses at starting price, and an enterprising bookie who agreed to accept all messages, of course arranging the money question beforehand, would, in my opinion, do a roaring trade. The starting-price business away from the course has given rise to a good deal of unsatisfactory running on occasions during the last ten years, and it would check this sort of thing if it were conducted entirely on the spot. As is well known, it is possible to back horses on the course at starting price now, but the bulk of the starting-price money goes on away. True, many of the absented bookies have drawn up drastic rules for their own protection of late. They will not receive more than £2 if handed in less than half-an-hour before the race, and not more than £5 in all from any one client. Some of the starting-price merchants used to welcome coups from 'cute owners, as they turned backers themselves, and shot their brother professionals for large sums. But that game has been played out for some time—in fact, since the day when telephones were erected in cow-sheds for the purpose of sending to back certain horses.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ONE had thought that the generation of prudes, prunes, and prism had departed from this progressive planet, but it would seem as if some lingering remnants of the type known as "eminently respectable" still remain in the byways and backwaters of this swiftly hurrying period, as witness an advertisement which graced the columns of a morning daily this week and ran, "Wanted, as companion, between 22 and 28 years—a gentlewoman, sincere, truthful and domesticated is sought. None need apply who cannot be happy without bridge, golf, or dogs." Poor, poor companion, who must abjure all natural human and humane feelings and be called on to lie and deceive and conceal the feelings and tastes that her Maker and Nature gave her—for to declare that any healthy-minded girl can at once be sincere, "truthful," and yet proclaim herself the enemy of animals and outdoor life, is asking too much of common-sense, not to mention credulity. I can imagine such a girl declining the walnuts at dessert, but "sneaking" the port later on. "Truthful, sincere," however, I cannot picture the female Uriah Heep who could like and dislike to an employer's order.

Leaving such pitiful subjects, let us turn to the eminently pleasant picture presented by T. and J. Perry's delightful shop-windows at 224, Regent Street, where the question of what to choose for a present is now and for ever solved, so varied, so novel, so inexpensive are the attractions set forth therein. By a simple and ingenious arrangement, Messrs. Perry have grouped together a selection of desirable articles at half-a-guinea, one guinea, thirty shillings, two guineas, and so forth, so that instead of the usual puzzlement and perplexity which assail one on entering a

thousand and one articles is neither possible nor necessary; but before buying presents, it may be looked on as a distinctly good "tip" to send for Perry's catalogue, christening, birthday, wedding, or Christmas presents being all provided and portrayed with all possible attractiveness and moderation of price.

Apropos of catalogues, with all their studies in temptation at this and other seasons, I have seldom run through a more completely



A BOLERO OF SABLE AND ERMINE.

shop to choose gifts, the question of cost once decided, there will be found dozens of attractive objects, at any particular price named. This excellent plan is followed in a smart new catalogue, wherein Messrs. Perry thoughtfully divide into separate lists the articles suitable for ladies and men, thus avoiding confusion, saving time, and, above all, setting forth excellent suggestions. To enumerate their



[Copyright.]

A DANCE FROCK OF TULLE AND RIBBON.

attractive roll-call of women's wearables than that just published by John Barker and Co., Kensington High Street. Half-a-dozen studies of lovely woman in colour head the list of seductions in "Mantle department." "Blouse and Millinery" and others are each little gems of true artistry, tempting one to "inquire within upon everything," after the time-honoured invitation of a time-honoured book. "Why be dowdy, discontented, envious, or ill-dressed?" anyone may ask on opening this catalogue and noting the smartness, the seductiveness, the really moderate prices asked for uncommon and exclusive models shown on its pages. Dozens of circulars reach me from Paris, Vienna, and even New York. None, it may at once be said, excel in *chic* the illustrations of John Barker's productions. It may therefore be taken on the word of a worldly woman that seekers after sartorial treasure cannot "do" themselves more adequately anywhere else, even in this most comprehensive and complete London, than at Barker's. The gowns, the hats, the cloaks, the bridge blouses and coats, the boots, the shoes, the motor garments are original, exclusive, and the best of their kind in design and material. Whoever wishes fully to realise this fact should do one of two things—send for Barker's Autumn Catalogue of 1906 Fashions, or call at the classic Kensington High Street and investigate its attractions for herself.

In this age of general scamper and hurry, one often finds it difficult to bestow on one's coiffure that care and attention which so



important a point of appearance demands, it being a fully admitted truth that having the hair well or ill done discounts or enhances all other attractions enormously. To be perfect at all points at all hours is, however, not given to those who lack the ministrations of a French maid, unless—mark the reservation—they indulge in that thrice-blessed invention known as a "transformation," which well deserves its name. Usually, however, a "transformation" means money, more than the meeter of wide-apart ends can often comfortably command. To those who bring their wants and wishes to 10, Newman Street, Oxford Street, however, such difficulties vanish into thin air—and thick hair—for the International Hair Company, of that address, supply fringes, covered frames, "transformations," pin-curls, and other attractions of a hirsute nature to save time, minimise trouble, and enhance the natural gifts of any woman, at such moderate prices as to bring them within the reach of all. All styles of face and feature are studied and suited, and effects so natural are obtained that it is impossible to detect where Art comes to the aid of Nature. For the absurdly low price of thirty shillings the desirable "transformation" is obtainable in a dozen different styles—the Marie Stuart, the Pompadour, or any other wished-for effect—so that there is no longer a reason for the exhibition of thinned-out, grey locks when they can be easily, cheaply, and aesthetically covered by the undulating fascinations of the International Hair Company.

Wright's, of Coal-Tar Soap fame, have issued a clever booklet for children, called "The Boy and the Bubble," which is to be had free from any chemist in Great Britain and should prove an added attraction to the forthcoming holiday season, as it offers considerable sums in money prizes for the best coloured picture in the book. The little artists have merely to colour any of the sketches which appear on every page, and forward the same when finished before Dec. 31, to Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66, Park Street, London, S.E. Attached to it must also be sent an outside wrapper of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. The prizes are for children of from eight to fourteen years, and vary in each class from five shillings to two guineas. So the little ones will have plenty of incentive to put forth all their talents, besides the pleasure of using brilliant water-colours with immense effect. Wright's are not members of the much debated "Trust," a fact that will not detract from the popularity of their excellent soap with the housekeepers of this realm, who above all things desire to buy what they will where they will, and, *en parenthèse*, to get sixteen ounces to the pound.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

L. L. T. (Cheltenham).—It is so hard to apportion an income without knowing your habits. For instance, if you spend much time in visiting or abroad, a regular schedule of yearly expenses would not apply; also town and country differ so much. If you will be more explicit I will try to grapple with it practically in next issue. SYBIL.

M. Clémenceau is the real Iron Chancellor. He not only intends to rule France, but his own household at the Ministry of the Interior as well. Before he came into office the functionary at the various State departments was an easy-going creature who made an occasional appearance at his office, read the newspaper, played a quiet game of cards, and then went home to his family. But M. Clémenceau has changed all that. He insists that his staff shall do something for their money, and insists, more especially, that they shall be there to do that something when required. Hence, he has organised a sort of torture system, which consists in the *feuille de présence*—that is to say, sheets are circulated amongst the personnel and signed by them, signifying their presence in the building. But the new Premier is even more cruel than that with the protégés of the politicians. The other day a young man sent to say he was quite too unwell to appear at the Ministry. The chief did not take him at his word, but sent the departmental doctor to find out. He discovered that the illness was merely "diplomatic" and did not prevent that young man from following occupations more agreeable than writing at a desk. But it did prevent him from reappearing at the Ministry, for this hard-hearted M. Clémenceau dismissed him on the spot.

Mr. F. Anstey Guthrie was the recipient the other night of an interesting souvenir from the members of the Haymarket company on the occasion of the celebration of the 200th performance of his play. The souvenir, which takes the form of a model of the table used in the dinner scene of the play, originated with Mr. Weedon Grossmith, under whose supervision the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, have produced a perfect reproduction. The table-cloth is made of solid silver, with its natural folds and creases, and has the names of all the members of the company and those connected with the management of the theatre engraved upon it at the top in exact facsimile of their signatures. The pedestal and legs of the table are made of mahogany, with solid silver claws and castors.



The Aero Club's "Longest Distance Prize," given by Miss Krabbé, and competed for during the months of August, September, and October, has been won by the Hon. Mrs. Harbord, who was piloted by Mr. Frank Butler, in a night voyage on Sept. 1, from London to Bridlington, Yorks, 195½ miles, in twelve hours. The rules of the race were that the competitor need not be the aeronaut in charge, but must make the ascent, and that the pilot must possess the club's aeronaut's certificate. Several attempts have been made to gain the long-distance prize, and recently two members started from Swansea and Pembroke.

Messrs. Dawson and Reece began a match in the annual tournament at Messrs. Burroughes and Watts's new billiard-salon, 19, Soho Square, on Monday last.

The work carried on at Garrick Chambers by the late Mr. W. Baptiste Scoones is being continued on exactly the same lines by the Rev. A. Dawson Clarke, who was associated with Mr. Scoones for over a score of years. It is not too much to say that there is no branch of the diplomatic service which does not contain among its staff someone who has passed through the well-known Garrick Chambers establishment. The same applies to the Army, to the Indian Civil Service, and to many other branches of the public service.

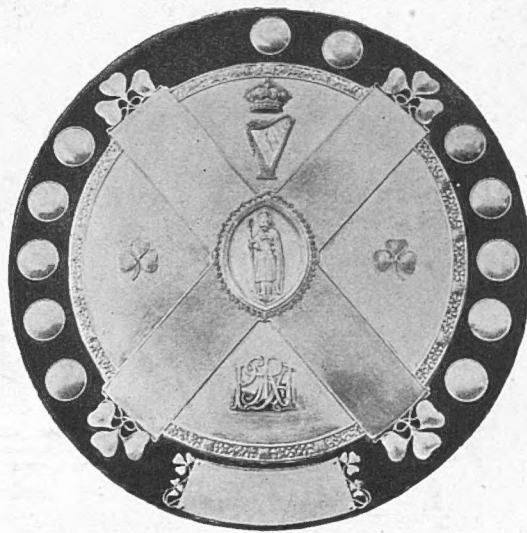
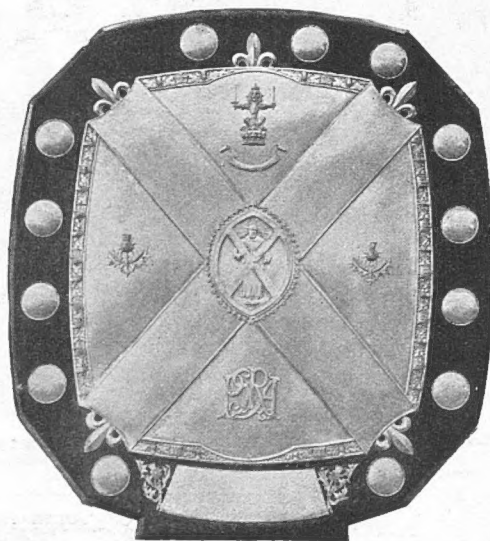
There may now be seen on the premises of Messrs. Lloyd and Co., which are in Oxford Street and extend round Orchard Street and Tapnell Yard, a most attractive display of goods. The firm recently absorbed Messrs. Terry and Greenslade's business, and now, having increased space and facilities, announce many bargains in all departments. Their stock is very large, and remarkable alike for finish and price.

Messrs. Worthington and Co., Limited, the famous firm of Burton, are in so excellent a position that they are able to declare that the consumption of their ales during last year considerably exceeded that during any similar period of their history, a success they believe due to the fact that only the finest malt and hops are used in the making of their productions. The firm's success is reflected in that of their London bottlers, Messrs. R. P. Cully and Co., Limited,

who have enlarged their St. Pancras stores four times in as many years. The King, when Prince of Wales, chose Messrs. Worthington as his brewers, and confirmed the appointment by the issue of his Royal Warrant when he came to the throne.

Most people have but a very vague notion of the amount of material used in modern advertising by our leading firms. The attractive window-shows that so many of the local grocers are making of Oxo just now is only an example of what is taking place all over the British Isles. In this single effort on the part of Oxo, something approaching a hundred tons of cardboard have already been used in packing up the parcels despatched to grocers. The models of nurse and patient themselves exceed the weight of the cardboard considerably, as also do the show-cards, novelties, etc., sent with them; yet many thousands of the parcels were cleared from the London headquarters in the course of a few days—special experienced men being requisitioned to help the ordinary staff.

A COMPLETE "TRANSFORMATION" WITH PARTING, AT THE INTERNATIONAL HAIR COMPANY'S, 10, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET.



TWO OF THE THREE CHALLENGE-SHIELDS PRESENTED BY THE PREPARATORY SCHOOLS' RIFLE ASSOCIATION FOR RIFLE-SHOOTING.

The object of the P.S.R.A. is to encourage rifle-shooting in preparatory schools, by practice with both miniature (.22) and the improved air-rifle. Earl Roberts, V.C., is the president; the hon. sec., Captain Soltan-Symons, Adjutant Eton Rifle Volunteers. Competitions take place each term, in March, in July, and October, and in order to meet the requirements of limited space, the competitions are at short range (20 or 25 yards), medium (50 yards), and long range (100 yards). Three challenge-shields of St. George, St. Patrick, and St. Andrew are provided for the three competitions, and have been beautifully modelled in sterling silver by Elkington and Co., Ltd., of London and Birmingham.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 12.*

THE uncertainty of the Money Market still dominates the Stock Exchange. It must be confessed that, so far, the 6 per cent. rate has not improved the Bank's position, and, for the present at least, the shadow of even a higher rate is to be seen on the horizon. Whether that shadow will materialise "no man knoweth," but speculators in every kind of stock have to face that danger, and especially is this self-evident in the Yankee Market, where any further rise would spell collapse, or something very near it. How the bucket-shops must be looking forward to doing what the "bookies" call "skinning the lamb," if things do not mend! But we can fairly hope they will have very few victims among our readers, at least.

Under present circumstances it is impossible to expect a serious improvement in prices, but on the first substantial indications of easier money, there is no doubt that there will be an all-round recovery, and it is chiefly those who are willing to run risks who will reap the rewards.

MR. EDWARD POWELL.

This week we give a portrait of the financier who may be described as the man of the hour. One of the features of the late disastrous markets has been the rise in Humbers, of which Company Mr. Powell has been chairman since 1900, when the present Company was formed. In May 1904 he was appointed not only chairman, but also managing director, and within two years he has succeeded in bringing order out of chaos, clearing off the arrears of Preference dividend, and making the Ordinary shares from mere gambling counters into substantial securities worth 33s. apiece.

#### ARGENTINE LAND AND GWALIA CONSOLIDATED.

Unless the information at our disposal is quite inaccurate, in a few days the long-expected scheme for the funding of the arrears of Preference dividend will be in the hands of the shareholders, and before this month is over a meeting for its consideration will have been held. In July last a committee was appointed to confer with the board and to frame a scheme, and it is a comparatively open secret that the joint labours of the board and the committee will shortly see the light. Unless we are mistaken, the proposals will provide that the rights of the Preference shareholders shall be jealously guarded, that the arrears of interest shall be funded into "income certificates" carrying a moderate rate of interest, and that the Ordinary shareholders shall be brought within sight of a reasonable dividend, while the surplus earnings of the Company are to be applied in redemption of the "income certificates" at par. The subject has been, and still is, a thorny one to handle, but as the board and the committee are solid in favour of the proposals, it will be surprising if they do not meet with the necessary support, and we quite anticipate that the price of the Preference shares will be increased by at least 15s. apiece.

From time to time, those of our readers who purchased Gwalia Consolidated shares, on our advice, at about 1s. 3d. or 1s. 6d. each, have reproached us with the deadness of the market; but the faith that was in us has been more than justified by the directors' report and that of an independent shareholder who has visited the property. The price as we write is about 2s. 6d., and we fully expect to see the shares 4s. each after the meeting. The Company has had a very hard struggle, but it looks as if the corner were turned at last.

#### LONDON AND WESTERN AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATION CO.

When I last wrote you in reference to mining topics, I ventured to prophesy that Copper shares and Deep Leads were likely to prove the most profitable sections for speculation, and mentioned especially *Rio Tinto shares* and *Consolidated Deep Leads*. Both have risen very considerably in price since I wrote, which will, I hope, have benefited some of your readers. The rise which has taken place in Deep Lead shares has been entirely in anticipation of favourable results from the Loddon Valley Company. Should these anticipations be realised, there will, no doubt, be a further appreciation in the prices of all the Deep Lead Companies. Meanwhile one of the *safest* ways in which an interest may be acquired in these properties is by a purchase of the shares of the *London and Western Australian Exploration Company*. I say one of the *safest* ways because, while it is largely interested in the Deep Lead group, the Company has assets outside this section which alone are worth more than the present market valuation of its shares. The issued capital of the Company is £280,000, and at the date of the last balance-sheet the shareholdings of the Company were valued at about £274,000, a depreciation of some £6000. This valuation was arrived at by taking the Company's investments either at the price paid for them or at the market price, whichever happened to be the lower at the time the balance-sheet was drawn up. In this way no credit was taken for large profits which

existed on some of the shares even at that time, which, as a matter of fact, changed the depreciation of £6000 into a surplus of £50,000, as was announced by the chairman at the general meeting. Among the Company's assets may be mentioned the following—

	Prices at which Shares Stand in the Books.	Present Price.
114,624 Lancefield .. .. .	12s. ..	18s. 6d.
26,750 Zinc Corporation .. ..	20s. ..	32s. 6d.
24,850 Australian Commonwealth Trust	15s. ..	52s. 6d.

The difference between these prices will give some idea of the appreciation which has taken place in the value of the Company's holdings since the end of the last financial year. Besides this, however, the Company is understood to have a profit of £70,000 on shares at call of the Australian Commonwealth Trust, and a further large profit on its interest in the Prentice and Southern Deep Lead Company acquired this year, while the holding in Zinc Corporation shares has also been considerably increased. As against this there may have been some small losses on some of the minor interests of the Company, but there can be no doubt that on the basis of the prices now ruling the *Company's capital is much more than intact*, and there is therefore no reason why the shares should be standing at a discount. On the contrary, it is probable that a further considerable appreciation may occur in its principal holdings, especially Lancefields, Zinc Corporations, and the Deep Lead propositions. Q.

Nov. 3, 1906

#### FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Without wishing to make myself at all objectionable——"

"We can guess the drift of his remarks, anyway," and The Broker spoke with a sound of resignation in his voice.

"I consider," continued The Jobber, "that it's high time the objectionable practice of brokers taking double commission was stopped."

"The Committee are having an inquiry into the subject now, aren't they?" asked The City Editor, who occasionally reads the contributions sent to his own columns by Stock Exchange members.

The Merchant said he didn't understand what the coil was all about.

"It is the old grievance," The Engineer explained. "A man gives an order to buy shares; his broker goes to some outsider who's a seller, and puts the two people together, charging both a commission. That's all."

"Good," said The Jobber. "But you have not pointed out that it is a habit lending itself to much abuse. It killed business in the Kaffir Market, for instance."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed The Broker. "That's all moonshine. What hurt the Market much more was you jobbers going direct to the 'shops,' without putting the business through brokers."

"What rot!" The Jobber cried. "Why——"

"The Committee are going to investigate that also," observed The City Editor.

"As well as inquire into the question of the advisability of fixing a minimum scale of commission," added The Banker, beaming.

"That's good news for the clients," remarked The Engineer.

The Merchant rubbed his palms.

The Jobber put his hands on his knees and rolled about in silent laughter.

The Broker looked rather astonished. "It will be a bad thing for the banks," he said. "Everyone will know what the minimum scale is, and insist upon paying no more," was his reason.

"But clients, my boy——" And The Engineer waved his paper aloft.

"Clients now pay less than a probable minimum——"

There was a shout of laughter.

"In very many cases they do," The Broker protested. "And how will they like the rates stuck up against them—eh?"

"It will be a good thing to have a fixed scale," The City Editor declared. "Get the thing settled; save a lot of disputes."

"What do you know about it?" demanded The Broker.

"When's the Bank Rate going down?" The Merchant asked The Banker.

"I doubt whether it will fall on this side of the New Year," answered the old gentleman. "The monetary situation is still disquieting."

"Seven per cent?" inquired The Broker, with a shiver.

"It is not at all impossible, I fear, but I don't think anybody wants it."

"*Pas demi*," quoted The Jobber, causing a general laugh. "The 6 per cent. Rate has knocked off a lot of trade in Yankees."

"American Market's done for," laid down The Broker.

"Not it," The Jobber contradicted. "There's life in the old dog yet."

"Old bull, you mean," laughed The Engineer.

"I do. The Yankee Market will go better. So there you are."

"I'm rather trusting to my bull of Mexican Rails," The Broker observed.



MR. E. POWELL, CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR OF HUMBERS, LTD.



"Trusting to them?"

"To pay my Christmas bills. I think Mexican Seconds and Mexican Ordinary will go several points better."

"How about the Miscellaneous Market?" The City Editor interposed. "It's very what you fellows call 'spotty.'"

"Bays have been my best friend this year," said The Merchant affectionately. "Bays and the Sk —"

"M? I made a little cash over Humbers," The Engineer confessed.

"Is the steam all out of them?"

"Don't think so. If the Company can make a net profit of over £106,000 and pay off three years' arrears of Preference dividend, to say nothing of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary, at one fell swoop it looks pretty cheery for the next dividend on the Ordinary."

"Yes, there's that about it, certainly. My only fear is that competition may cut up profits."

"Same thing applies to any trading concern you can mention."

"I think," said The Broker, "that Coats are amongst the best of the higher-class Industrials."

"Coats ought to be easy to get out of," giggled The Jobber.

"They will go better, as safe as houses."

"Can't you talk about a gamble?" complained The Engineer. "This is awfully dry," and he yawned openly. "Tell me what is going up?"

"Props are," said The Broker promptly.

"Props have been pushed up rather sharply," objected The Merchant.

"But are going higher," The Broker assured him. "So is the Broken Hill group, generally."

"Zincs as well then?"

"I think so. Better buy than Kaffirs, at all events."

"I have a sneaking fancy for Tangans," said The Engineer, "in spite of all that the critics say about the Company."

"Better left alone for a bit. Buy them if they go down," suggested The Broker.

"Daresay you are right," The Engineer responded. "But without a gamble life wouldn't be worth living, would it?" and he appealed to The Jobber.

"It all depends upon the liver," was the young gentleman's parting chestnut.

Saturday, Nov. 3, 1906.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. P. C.—Support the International Policyholders' Committee. Certainly keep your policies alive. The Company is all right; nothing has happened which can do more than diminish your bonus.

STOCKINGS.—Buy some more. The traffics are a sufficient answer to your question of whether we have faith. See our answer to "Spes" in our issue of the 24th ultimo.

BARTA.—We would rather buy Gwalia Consolidated at 2s. 6d. or 3s. Lancefields will probably go better; but they have had a rapid rise. You are right about Camp Birds.

OPENSHAW.—We have sent you the broker's name. B. A. and Pacific Railway 5 per cent. first Preference shares at about 11½ should suit you well.

J. H. G. C.—Your Railway stocks are all of the highest class, and you may sleep on them with an easy mind. The mine is one of the best; its life is difficult to calculate, as numerous claims have been acquired whose mining value is doubtful. Unless the Transvaal Parliament plays ducks and drakes with the labour supply, you might reckon on the present dividend for, say, ten years.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Liverpool Cup will be won by Bibiani. For the other races at the Liverpool Meeting I fancy the following: Lancashire Handicap, Hong Kong; Anchor Nursery, Silver Fowl; Liverpool St. Leger, Bridge of Canny; Welter Plate, Keld; Duchy Plate, Cherry Ripe; Moseley Nursery, Poppy; Grand Sefton Steeplechase, Canter Home; Downe Nursery, Fra Diavolo; Westmoreland Welter, Gourd; November Hurdle, Maggio; Valentine-Steeplechase, Extravagance. At Leicester the following may go close: November Auction Nursery, Summer; Oadby Nursery, Gay Leg; November Selling Handicap, Lyking; Harborough Handicap, Mistle; Clock Tower Handicap, Royal Romance.

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